JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1904

3D EVERY THURSDAY

NO MORE FORGOTTEN MEN By The EDITOR

FOUR YOUTHS SAVE A SHIP!

THUNDER OVER ITALY By A.G.G.

How to Use Less Fuel Every Washday

NEW *LESS-WATER* WAY TO WASH CLOTHES

EVERY housewife in the country will be delighted to hear of this new wartime method of washing clothes that's been worked out by the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories. It's a less-water method that cuts down your fuel, and in addition saves soap coupons, time and labour. *And* gets your wash really clean!

It's as simple as can be—do be sure to try it next washday:

Run into the sink *half* the amount of water you used to use, taking water just as it comes from the hot tap. Then sprinkle in *two-thirds* of the amount of Rinso you would normally use, and whisk up into a lather. You should have just sufficient suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

12-MINUTE SOAK

Now sort out your wash into whites and coloureds. Pop the whites into the lather first, and leave them to soak for *12 minutes only*. Then wash through and rinse in the usual way. Put in the coloureds next, to soak for 12 minutes *in the same suds*.

You may, at first, think it's a little strange to do your washing in such a small amount of suds. But you'll find this method *does get the clothes clean*.

FUEL-SAVER, TIME-SAVER

You can imagine how economical in fuel this method is. Just think—no boiling, so you don't have to light the copper. You simply use the hot water from the hot tap, and you don't use much *of that!* It's easy on Rinso, too. You actually save one packet in three.

Doing your wash this way, it's been proved, takes 1½ hours less time for an average sized wash. That's quite a consideration, isn't it? And you have no hard rubbing.

Be sure to try this new method for your next week's wash. You'll be delighted with it!

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. size—1 coupon. 7d. size—2 coupons.

DOES WASH IN EVENING AFTER 10-HOUR FACTORY JOB
Mrs. Ayres works daily in an aircraft factory. She also cooks, sews and shops for her family of 5. The washing gets done in the evening. "The new Rinso method is grand!" she says. "Besides, it saves both fuel and coupons."

R 3161-424-63 R. S. Hudson Limited

A small milk ration goes a long way when you use it with Bournville Cocoa. It's more than a delicious drink. It's full of the things that build brawn and muscle, strengthen teeth, enrich the blood and steady frayed nerves. And it actually costs less than before the war!

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

In VIENNA *then...*

In ENGLAND *now*

When Vienna was still a city of song the excellence of its food was known throughout the world. In those care-free days Wiener Schnitzel (veal slices dipped in egg and crumb, fried in butter) was a popular Viennese dish. Potato cookery too was carried to a fine art in Vienna. The other day a team of Viennese cooks made a special potato breakfast dish in London. (Recipe given below.) Try it yourself. It is a simple recipe and it makes good use of our home-grown potatoes — the splendid crop that saves our ships.

VIENNESE FISH CAKES

Cooking time: 15 minutes. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. of boiled, mashed potatoes, ½ teaspoonful dried egg, ½ teaspoonful of anchovy essence, 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, pepper, salt to taste. *Quantity:* For four people. *Method:* Mix all the ingredients together and form into little cakes. Fry in a little fat until golden brown on both sides.

Potatoes

are part of the battle

P.8

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

IN HANDY BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

You can save the country's much needed metal by buying your Gibbs Dentifrice in the handy battledress refills. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans best, lasts longest. No mess, no waste. Popular Size Refills 7d, including tax.

7d

(Including Purchase Tax)

Prices U.K. only

SAVE THE COUNTRY'S METAL

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1 GD 2345

SHOES AND STOCKINGS

SHOES DON'T GROW ON TREES. *Keep* them on trees if you have shoe trees, but if not it's a good plan to stuff paper into your shoes when you put them away. Shoes last longer if you don't wear the same pair day after day. And don't forget, shoe polish is not merely a way of making leather shoes look shiny and smart. Rub the polish well into the leather, using very little polish but a lot of 'elbow grease'. This feeds and preserves the leather and keeps it pliable. The best way of keeping heavy leather boots supple and weatherproof (though it will remove the shine) is to use dubbin. Dubbin should be rubbed in immediately you take off your boots—even when they are wet. Then rub in more dubbin again next day when they are dry. And don't forget to rub it into the soles as well as the uppers.

THERE'S A LOT IN STOCKINGS—a lot of extra wear if you take a little extra care of them. For instance, it is important to rinse new rayon stockings in lukewarm water, *before* wearing them. Dip the stockings in lukewarm water again after wearing them—every time. And don't forget that rayon fabric temporarily loses strength whilst it is wet, so handle wet stockings carefully and don't put them on again for 24 hours at least. They should be dried slowly—away from direct exposure to the heat of a fire. If stockings are too short in the leg, lengthen your suspenders with tape. Another method is to cut the tops from a worn-out pair of stockings and join them on.

Mend and make do to save buying new

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

"KEEP IT GOING!"

If you have a radio set you'll want a copy of this book. 40 pages of helpful hints and tips on the care and simple servicing of your set. It will help you to "Keep it Going" during war-time

PRICE • SIXPENCE

From all MURPHY DEALERS or from

MURPHY RADIO LTD.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY • HERTS

C.R.C.104

Why not Look & Feel Your Best

YOU can keep healthy, radiant and fit, and look your best at all times with the aid of Bile Beans. Beauty is more than skin deep; bright eyes, clear complexion and a sunny disposition all come from that internal well being which Bile Beans bring.

These fine vegetable pills tone up the digestive organs, purify the bloodstream and by regular daily elimination of all fat-forming residue, improve your figure as well as your health. So take Bile Beans regularly—one or two at bedtime.

BILE BEANS

Improve Health, Figure, Appearance

Sir Rowland Hill

K.C.B. (1795-1879)

Originator of the penny postal system and inventor of the adhesive postage stamp. In 1846 Sir Rowland Hill was secretary to the Postmaster General. His establishment of a low and uniform rate of postage was one of the great reforms of the age.

PIONEERS of PROGRESS

Although the penny post is no longer with us, we still enjoy the benefits of the reform introduced by Sir Rowland Hill. He placed a great and useful service at the disposal of the ordinary people. During Hill's lifetime another pioneering movement was begun that also brought its benefit to the masses—the movement of Co-operation. That, too, is still enjoyed by millions in this country alone, and continually grows in strength and stature. Its benefits are available to all, rich and poor alike.

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

GN 1549 P

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 12, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

HARD DEAL

● **So many men are volunteering to go to sea that a notice, "No vacancies for beginners" has been posted in Liverpool.**

Admiration for their spirit should prompt better treatment for those who do go to sea.

All too often that treatment is a disgrace to the country they serve so gallantly.

When one ship was torpedoed and the crew took to the boats, they were shelled by the U-boat and six men were killed.

A survivor, on reaching Britain, was found unfit for work. He has been granted three months' leave—without pay.

His total income is now 18s. a week, from which he must pay 14s. rent. With the rest, he has to keep his wife and himself—and buy the little "extras" needed to help him to regain health.

Another seaman returned to Britain with a tropical fever contracted when his ship put into a W. African port. He, too, can get no payment because his illness is not attributed to war service!

Straight from the Shoulder

ATTACK IN EUROPE

VAST as is the struggle to smash the Axis armies in Africa, our brilliant campaigns there are but the preliminaries to the big fight.

Europe is still the enemy's stronghold.

It is to Europe that the war must be taken.

Bombs on Italy

Already our bombs are on their way. The war factories of Italy are being shattered, her ports choked, her people demoralised.

Yet this is not enough.

Railways, and the power stations that serve the electric trains, must be our key targets.

The bombing will mount to a terrible intensity. And still it will not be enough—until the trail of the bombers is followed by the men in khaki.

Close the Pincers!

It would be madness to believe otherwise.

Allied armies must eventually land in Europe and advance eastwards; the enemy must be pinned between the arms of the Allies on the West and the claws of the Soviet in the East.

Outer Circle

Slowly we are encircling German-held Europe.

Once we loosen his two-finger grip on Africa, the southern sweep of the circle will be secure, while the eastern arc is firmly held by the Russians.

From the north and west, the line has long and gallantly been spun by the R.A.F.'s Coastal and Bomber Commands and the Navy. But at all costs they should soon be backed by our land forces.

Ships SOS

We must constrict the circle so that it becomes a stranglehold on Germany itself.

That will call for ships—armadas of ships to transport our troops to hostile shores.

So, for all the fine work of our shipyards, for all the mighty production across the Atlantic, we must build far more in 1943 than we have done in 1942.

U-Boat Warning

Not only will our shipping needs grow. We must expect shipping losses.

Germany is putting her U-boat campaign at the very top of her plan for action. She is prepared to sacrifice everything else to submarine production.

And if her new campaign is successful—as our Government has admitted—the war effort of the United Nations would be crippled.

Job for Cripps

Our counter measures must be swift. We shall expect suggestions from Cripps for new methods to employ.

And from him, apart from greater use of science in the anti-U-boat war, no less important than the full use of radio, we want more and more of the many kinds of aircraft essential to maintain a supreme air offensive against the Axis.

We need them, moreover, to co-operate with the Army and Navy.

Saving Space

But there should also be a concerted drive to economise on shipping space. Our war production must be increased to the very maximum.

The more we can make in Britain the more shipping we shall save.

Slowing the Call-Up

Waste of man-power must therefore be reckoned a crime. Particularly should we guard against the folly of putting more men in the Army at the expense of a halt in war production.

The call-up for military service should not be automatic, but be regulated by the state of industry.

An ill-equipped soldier would be more useful at the lathe.

Painful Lesson

Not only in war factories is man-power needed.

Remember the lesson of the coal mines. Realise the danger of impeding food production. Recognise that the withdrawal of more men from the railways might have a very serious effect on our war transport.

Quality First

It is not merely a question of wanting more and more equipment. We want more and more of the *right* equipment.

Quality is no less important than quantity. Particularly is this true of aircraft.

The latest Spitfire is rather more than a match for the new Focke-Wulf, the Lancaster is better than the Dornier. And we dare not lose our lead.

Mending the Gaps

To sustain it and thus be strong enough to drive into Europe, a still closer organisation for war is necessary.

Moreover, unity in waging war would make it easier to plan the economics of peace—a task not less imperative than the defeat of the Axis.

There can be no Victory if, as in 1918, it merely leads to an armistice.

Revolution

Every Government Department, all our industries, should get their planners busy on the problems of peace. No war work is more important.

Economic revolution has begun. It could not be stopped even if we wanted to.

It must be directed now into constructive channels.

Waking Up

Heartening signs of the realisation of this need are becoming apparent—in both sides of industry at home, in the speeches of far-sighted statesmen both at home and abroad.

And at last the British Government seems less frightened to face the future.

Without Substance

Undoubtedly the Government means well. We need not question the sincerity of its hopes to make the world fit to live in.

But hope will not create prosperity and social justice. Plans are necessary—and the will to implement the plans by action.

Hopeful Week

So far the plans have not appeared. But apparently the Government realises the need for them.

Thus we may judge by the encouraging speeches of Ministers in the last week or two.

Propaganda Value

Already the world reaction to the Beveridge scheme, the outline given by Sir William Jowitt, the Attlee speech, and Mr. Eden's promise of support to the International Labour Office machinery, has proved beyond doubt the propaganda value of a clear announcement of national and world policy.

Improving Sir William

The Beveridge Report has stirred the interest of every nation.

Now South Africa has a social security scheme—it sent to New Zealand for ideas. The Australian Government has a bigger and better scheme of its own.

Even the U.S.A. is talking about a social insurance plan.

Well, Britain will welcome suggestions for improvement.

Safe from the Shelf

Of course, our Government is not committed to the Beveridge Report. We repeat our warning that the vested interests will put up a strong fight.

But the almost unanimous praise of the Press, the tributes paid to the Report in many countries, should make it easier for the Government to legislate on an enlightened and drastic scale.

Making Work

Above all, however, we need planning *now* to prevent unemployment.

As Sir William Beveridge has said, "It would be a major contribution to victory" if all our fighting men and war workers were given "confidence that the Government had effective plans for maintaining employment after the war."

World Wide

And the prevention of unemployment, of course, is only one (though the greatest) of problems that cry aloud for solution here in Britain.

There are others affecting the whole globe. Not Britain alone, but much of the entire world, will have to be remodelled. To accomplish this task, unity of planning will have to be achieved by the United Nations.

Time to Begin

JOHN BULL is frankly impatient for action. We believe our impatience is shared by millions of people the world over.

We do not doubt that plans are now being made for the Allied armies to invade Europe and cripple the Japanese in Asia.

We are even surer that the time has come to plan the worth-while Peace that must follow our Victory.

(Continued overleaf)

FIRE WATCHERS!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids and Gas Attacks, as well as Invasion and Bombardment.

This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SQUAD by squad, the No Reform defenders are coming into the open. But the "Hands off local councils" snipers are adroitly taking cover behind the popular dislike of bureaucracy.

"Any interference with local councils," they say, "will increase the strength of the Whitehall bureaucrats."

Up to Scratch!

A powerful argument. Yet local authorities can blunder as grossly as Whitehall itself.

And—with honourable exceptions—their standard of efficiency is nothing to boast about Lots of them don't even protect their citizens' health.

Allies of Disease

For example, the campaign to immunise children against diphtheria is faltering. Though the Minister of Health has provided the weapons, many local authorities have failed to use them.

Parents who signed "consent forms" months ago have heard nothing since. Indeed, an official survey shows that one-sixth of the mothers whose children haven't been protected against the deadly disease have been thwarted by local red tape.

Case in Point

Thus, two child evacuees were billeted in villages far apart. Their mother gave permission for both to be immunised and thought this had been done.

Actually, one only was treated. Recently, the mother brought them back to London. And the uninoculated boy promptly contracted a severe attack of the disease.

Below Par

Thousands of other parents whose children were sent to small country towns have cause for a different complaint. They find the standard of education in those towns is far lower than in the big cities.

So the youngsters are becoming backward. And that, too, is not the fault of the central government.

Fire Follies

Again, we all know what happened when fire brigades were controlled by local authorities.

Often lives were lost, houses were allowed to burn without check, just because firemen couldn't cross a parish boundary.

But local authorities haven't given up hope of snatching back control from the N.F.S.—and thus sabotaging one of the few good things born of war necessity.

Middle Course

Don't misunderstand us. JOHN BULL *has no desire to see local government broken up.*

But we do say that it must be made more efficient.

Boycotting Labour

It should also be made more fair. Southampton is one of the places where it is darkly unjust.

Of fifty-one councillors there, twenty-three are Labour men and twenty-eight Ratepayers' Party nominees. Yet labour is allowed only four aldermen to the Ratepayers' Party seventeen!

All the names put forward by Labour for the chairmanship of various committees have just been turned down.

Lost Wings

Mark you, Whitehall—and Kingsway—employ methods no less unjust.

We've just heard of another young R.A.F. ex-pilot who has reason for bitterness.

He was a flight-sergeant until he was grounded because flying made him deaf. And he has been stripped of both wings and stripes.

Keeping Mum

The R.A.F.'s new Typhoon fighter is tremendously hush-hush. We couldn't print a detail about it.

So visitors to a fuel exhibition at Purley were astonished to see a complete model on view.

One man asked if he could photograph it. "No reason why you shouldn't," he was told, "it's been officially supplied."

Sent Home

Odder still is the plight of a would-be pilot. He just failed to pass his navigation test and—after eight weeks' wait—was told he would be discharged from the R.A.F.

A mistake, presumably. But anyway he was sent home.

Mystery

He can't take a civilian job. He can't get a ration book, and so is apparently condemned to starve.

He has written several times to the Air Ministry. No answer. He has volunteered again for the R.A.F. and told his papers will be sent to the Air Ministry. But again—no answer.

Notice to Quit

No less perplexed is a Birmingham maker of tools and gauges. A year ago, with another man, he started his own business, trained workers, and secured war contracts.

He has been congratulated on producing the high-grade tools the country needs. But now the Ministry of Labour has ordered him to quit.

Insult to Injury

Under threat of imprisonment, he has been told to take a job fourteen miles from home—grinding the very tools he has been making in his own factory!

It may be desirable to merge small factories into bigger ones. But not to waste their key-men.

Round Peg, Square Hole

Another man was trained, at public expense, as a machine tool fitter. Having passed his tests, he was given a job of repairing lorries, about which he knew nothing.

He protested. So he was sent to repair old pumps. He protested again. Now he's been found another job at a motor repair shop!

Mixing Them Up

But perhaps skilled tradesmen are no longer needed. For we hear of carpenters being sent to Army camps to unload trucks of sand and gravel.

Their tools are rusting.

Breaking His Home

Besides, more consideration should be shown to some men who are required to leave home.

A Bournemouth man was ordered to take up work in another town. He failed to go—for two reasons.

He had already found himself a war job. To leave at short notice would have left his motherless boy of fifteen without a home.

We Give Thanks

Nevertheless, the Ministry of Labour prosecuted him.

We congratulate the Bournemouth Bench for not fining him more than half-a-crown.

Call-Up

But the Ministry can't be blamed for the silly call-up muddles now occurring all over the country.

We know one man who works sixty-five hours a week and serves fifty-five hours a month on part-time N.F.S. duties.

He has just been conscripted for fire-watching!

No Guide

Similarly, policemen may be told to become part-time wardens. Such muddles arise because the Ministry is only acting on behalf of the local authorities—and the registers do not tell them whether Bill Jones and Mrs. Smith are already doing volunteer Civil Defence work.

Petrol Probe

The Ministry of Fuel is to investigate the case of a woman who, in a London police court, said she received a petrol allowance to travel home to Chelsea each night from a Park Lane bridge club.

That cheers us quite a lot. We will even help the Ministry's good work by pointing out a few more local oddities.

How to Get Home

Thus, a football team received special permission to hire a motor-coach at Bristol to travel home to Bath.

Advertisements for a ball at Blackpool offer "late extension and transport," though presumably not for war workers.

Three from Twenty

We doubt if such things receive the Ministry's nod of approval. And here let us make it clear that of the twenty cars that accompanied the Minister on his recent tour of the coalfields, only three belonged to his official party. The rest had tagged themselves on!

Room for Salvage

It's as important to salvage rubber as to save petrol. Yet plenty of rubber is still being used to line the lids of jars containing fish pastes and other foods—and even in canning.

Screw tops would save that rubber.

Golf Is Sacred

Mention of food whisks our attention off to Harpenden, where the council proposes to plough up another fifty acres of the scrub-covered common.

Near by is open grassland, much easier to cultivate. But it is used for golf—and perhaps it would be asking too much to expect the golfers to use another ccurse half a mile away.

Left to Rot

Maybe a rural fireman expected too much (despite the lull in air raids) when he asked for two days' leave in order to reap half an acre of beetroot.

Permission was refused. The beet was ruined by frost. And so half an acre of food has had to be turned in.

Flat Denial

Next story of loss shows Lambeth Borough Council in a bad light.

A soldier's flat was damaged by bombs. His wife and child moved to safety, and the council promised to store the furniture and gave a receipt for it.

Lately the soldier came home on leave. The council doesn't know what has happened to the furniture, and says its receipt was wrongly issued. But we doubt if any lawyer would agree that this disclaimer absolves them from responsibility!

● Ten million people now give a penny a week to the Red Cross. A penny isn't much by itself, of course, but millions of pennies have so far added up to more than three million pounds.

Just published is a fourpenny booklet, "£3,000,000 in Pennies," which tells in photographs and astonishing facts just what these pence have meant.

From deeds of mercy in air raids to tracing prisoners-of-war, from tending the wounded on the battlefield to looking after the children of women war-workers—all the great tasks of the Red Cross are described.

It's a booklet that everyone should find worth reading.

Behind the News

● **Hitler is reported to be sacking his most experienced generals in a rage and then begging them to return and assist him.**

● *Dr. Schacht, in the meantime, is working out plans for the future of a defeated Germany.*

● German troops are gathering in the Brenner Pass to invade Italy in force. Italians are there to defend Italy against the Nazis—if the signal is given.

● **Within a few hours of French demobilisation, Nazis began to rush off to Germany all warm army and navy clothing, and extended their compulsory "winter help" fund to Vichy towns.**

● *Laval has had to accept 80 per cent. increase in Nazi occupation costs—payable by mortgage of all remaining French industry and labour to Hitler.*

● Himmler has paid two secret visits to Spain in the hope of persuading Franco to come over actively on the Axis side. He is now offering bribes of big slices of North Africa!

● **And German raw material is no longer sent to Italy for manufacture.**

● *Bulgaria has become as jittery as Italy about invasion; 600 "unreliable" officials have been removed from senior jobs by the Gestapo.*

● More quislings have met with fatal accidents in September and October in Norway and the Low Countries than in the whole period of German occupation.

● **Japanese war lords, alarmed at the position of their allies, are planning to carry on the war alone if necessary.**

● *Milch, Goering's deputy, has gone to Italy to demand from Field-Marshal Kesselring an explanation of the Luftwaffe's failure to save Rommel.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

NO MORE FORGOTTEN MEN

PARLIAMENT is about to discuss a great national salvage scheme—the salvage of men and women disabled by war injuries or industrial accidents.

We failed our broken comrades after the last war. We failed them in peace time, too.

If we thought about the disabled soldiers and workers at all, we tried to stifle conscience with the excuse that many had been pensioned off—on next to nothing a week !—and that there were several public charities to aid the crippled and the blind.

This time the country is resolved to pay its debt to the men and women whose bodies have been wrecked in the country's service.

We want no more cripples selling matches on the kerb. We will no longer suffer our kith and kin to be thrown on the industrial scrap-heap. We want no more "forgotten" men.

We mean to bring them back to "life"; to free them from want and fear, and restore them to healthy confidence and independence.

JOHN BULL describes this as a national salvage campaign because there can be no waste so tragic and so disgraceful as the waste of human lives.

Nor can any other salvage scheme pay richer dividends. Already the rehabilitation of the injured under the Ministry of Labour's *Interim* Scheme for the Training and Resettlement of Disabled Persons has achieved splendid results.

IN the first ten months of its operations it has returned 29,000 injured workers to productive employment. It has not only found jobs for these men and women, but it has made them fit to do them well and happily. Now the total approaches 35,000, and is increasing daily.

This is a big step in the right direction. Its mass effect upon the minds of injured men and women, who can now look forward to normal citizenship again, is of the utmost importance.

Let us not forget that approximately a thousand workers are injured every day in the industrial life of these islands. Many of them naturally make a complete recovery, but others, who lost limbs or were otherwise incapacitated, used to fall automatically to the rear of the out-of-work queues.

They should have been given first place.

The New Zealand Government, one of the most progressive in the world, has already decided to give that first place to its disabled Service men.

It intends to spend from £5 5s. to £6 a week on each of them, until every one who *can* be trained for suitable work has been so trained and is put into industry again.

Special factories are to be built for the transition stages in the industrial cure of these brave fellows. There they will learn to do, not just any work, but the *kind* of work at which their injuries will not handicap them.

Our Ministries of Labour and Pensions have a somewhat similar scheme for our disabled fighters. It will not be so generous, but we must see to it that it fulfils the same ends.

All we know at present is that it will provide professional, technical, commercial and industrial training for men and women discharged from the Services as unfit.

It will aim at getting them back to their old jobs if their particular disability permits, or, failing that, at training them for new jobs.

Mr. Bevin, the Minister of Labour, has this whole question closely at heart. In the near future he is going to announce plans for the rehabilitation and resettlement of the war-injured, but his projects include all disabled civilians as well.

Already he has made an appeal to employers to take back workers who have been trained to overcome their disablement *at full rates of pay.*

This is an indispensable condition of rehabilitation. In the old days it was common enough to find a disabled person, drawing a small pension, asking pitifully for any work that was available.

And all too common to find an employer with a shrewd eye to profits saying: "All right; we'll take you on, and we'll make your pension up to the full rate for the job!"

Then the applicant was given some kind of employment, usually a dead-end task, and, to all practical intents and purposes, his pension went straight into the pocket of the firm that had employed him so much under market rates!

If the disabled man or woman had no pension to be exploited, or if, as often happened, he or she had been persuaded to take a lump sum in compensation, then the pay was proportionately cut and the "cripple's" lot was a hard one, no matter how well the job was done.

We *must* change all that. We must, whenever it is physically possible, train our disabled fellow-citizens to such a point that they can compete on level terms with workers who are sound in wind and limb.

And that is admittedly the object of the interim scheme now in operation.

Do not forget the existing plans are not intended to be permanent. They are simply the best that have yet been devised to put disabled men and women back to work while the war is on.

Twenty-five Government training centres have been established and numerous technical schools and colleges are providing training for the victims of industrial accidents and for people injured in air raids and so on.

Very many of these hapless folk are able to learn by classroom methods. There is nothing the matter with them except the loss of a limb or some other purely physical injury.

They can be taught, and they are being taught, to overcome such handicaps completely. They are supplied with artificial limbs of modern design which are so wonderfully contrived that, in many instances, they meet every industrial purpose.

And where the injury is such as to make the worker's old job impossible for him, a wide variety of other occupations is open to his choice after suitable training.

Naturally, in present circumstances, most of these training courses have been designed to meet the insatiable requirements of the munition and engineering trades. But quite a number of disabled persons are also being trained for other trades which are essential to the community.

We realise that war conditions are bound to restrict training opportunities, and that, in due course, the field of rehabilitation will have to be greatly widened.

But Mr. Bevin is also aware of this. We understand that he is working on a much larger scheme to include all sorts of useful, peace time occupations.

His object and the country's firm resolve is to find suitable, fully-paid work for every disabled man and woman who can be adequately trained to do it.

EXPLOITATION of the injured must be stopped once and for all, and to this end we cordially approve another interim measure by the Labour Ministry, providing grants which are enabling thousands of disabled persons to earn full wage-packets when their returning skill is not yet such that they could earn those wages without State help.

We may look forward to a wide extension of this principle.

The great thing is to restore the self-confidence of maimed workers and ex-Service men and to *prove* to them that their disabilities need not in any way prevent them from taking a proud, and even competitive, place in the labour market.

Parliament, as we have said, is to debate this noble salvage campaign in both Houses this week. We do not doubt that it will decide to further the efforts already made and supplement them with new ones as and when these become necessary.

Our duty as citizens is to keep the politicians up to their job; to make sure that their good intentions are faithfully translated into practical action, and, above all, to insist upon *complete* salvage of every piece of human wreckage in the valiant company of our fighters and our workers.

Let's Tell Europe the Good News

ALL over Europe millions of victims of Fascism await the Hour of Liberation.

They are hungry. They are gaunt. There is little rest for their scourged bodies.

★ ★ ★

They are men—and women: *and* children — clinging to a hope.

And now, at last, our Ministry of Information has a chance to fan that flicker to a raging furnace.

The Hour of Liberation *has* come for 25,000 of these people who have tasted the bitterest dregs of human misery.

They were imprisoned in French Africa when the Allies arrived.

Many were *saboteurs* from half a dozen European countries—had been captured while carrying on the underground war against Hitler.

In addition, there were unfortunate Jews from Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, France. And Socialists. Others who had done nothing worse than to preach Freedom.

They were herded into slave camps with criminals and rebellious natives.

They toiled beneath a murderous sun on countless jobs beyond their feeble strength.

Many wore chains. None was ever out of reach of a bayonet thrust by day or night.

We'll give you the story of just one.

His body has been beaten by Black Guard beasts both at Dachau and Sachsenhausen.

★ ★ ★

When his captors had exhausted their tortures they "lent" him to Vichy: to help build the trans-Sahara railway which—before our Eighth Army got really busy—was one of Hitler's dreams of world conquest.

He slaved beside brilliant scientists, scholars, writers, lecturers, soldiers—and people of whom you can say little more than that they had been beloved of their own people.

When their bodies were all but dead, they kept alive that little flicker of hope—as so many millions more are doing all over Europe.

Now, at the request of President Roosevelt, they have been freed. Their Hour of Liberation *has* dawned.

★ ★ ★

We said: Here is a chance for the Ministry of Information.

These freed slaves have a message for the millions more slaves who are clinging to faint hopes.

Their stories must be shouted into the darkest corners of Europe by radio.

They must be shouted until they reach even the Lipari Islands, where thousands of Italian democrats suffer in silence, and Lichtenfelde, the S.S. torture barracks in Norway where Norwegian patriots lie in chains.

With what joy will suffering Europe hear that part of the promise has been kept—and that their Hour of Liberation draws nearer.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

The Little Man's Mentors

BEING one of Britain's "little men" myself, I like to read praise about the "little man"—that mysterious being who, though non-existent, yet has his counterpart in millions of British homes.

And for, that reason I applaud Commander Sir Archibald Southby, the Epsom M.P., when he declares: "The Little Man will in the end break every dictator who stands up against us."

But the gallant commander, in his enthusiasm for the steadfast virtues of the "little man," carries praise too far when he adds: "It is the view of the 'little man,' not the views of archbishops or distinguished statesmen, authors or officers which will matter."

★ ★ ★

Now this sort of praise is heady wine—wine lacking vintage and the mellowness which comes of maturity.

Sir Archibald knows as well as I know that the views of archbishops—especially primates like Temple and Garbett—do matter; that the opinions and beliefs of statesmen, as distinguished from claptrap politicians, do matter; and that the written word of eminent authors also matters.

The views of the little man are largely based on what he has read or heard.

His life is too circumscribed, too parochial, for him ever to gain first-hand knowledge of the vast problems facing the world to-day, and of those still vaster problems which will call for solution to-morrow.

The views of the little man were pretty well defined after the last war. Did those views prevail? When unemployment cast its sombre shadows over hundreds of thousands of British homes, there was no doubt about the "little man's" views. Were those views respected?

To-day the little man's views, vaguely, are to do with decency, liberty, justice, social security and the right to work and live free from the spectre of want.

Those are good views. But to translate them into practice is not so simple as the words of Sir Archibald suggest.

Now, more than ever, the little man, you, I, our neighbours, are in need of guidance.

★ ★ ★

Such guidance can come only from men like the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and from statesmen like Churchill and Cripps

Their views do, and will, matter more than the views of the man in the street. One reason is that the intellect and mental grasp of the men I have mentioned are infinitely superior to the intellect and grasp of the little man.

Good soldiers without good leaders are of little avail. Good workmen lacking good management may fail at their job.

And good citizens without the guidance of good and distinguished men may easily miss the goal they have set their hearts on.

Sir Archibald Southby influenced the views of the little men who returned him to Westminster. He, in turn, with his fellow M.P.s, is swayed by the Prime Minister.

And Mr. Churchill, in turn, must pay heed to public opinion when questions of post-war policy are considered.

That completes the cycle. But it does not alter the fact that the great thinkers of our time, especially those thinkers who hold strong views on existing social ills, matter more to-day than ever.

General DRAJA MIHAILOVICH, Yugo-Slav War Minister and C.-in-C.

DEAR GENERAL,—Your day of triumph is about to dawn. The tide from North Africa that will flood across the Mediterranean to engulf Italy will help you to sweep away the Axis armies from the Balkans.

And evidently you are ready for the gigantic task.

"Prepare for action. We will supply you with arms"—such is the message you have broadcast from a new secret radio station.

I am glad to think we are providing some of the arms. I know we recently smuggled to you a hundred tons of munitions, including tommy-guns and machine-guns.

Though I dare not say how the delivery was made, you will agree that the story will thrill the world when it can be told.

But, of course, you are getting arms from other and less willing sources—from the enemy himself.

In one month this summer you killed 20,000 of his troops and captured much of their equipment. Thirty guns, 185 machine-guns, 5,000 rifles, 45 mortars, 225,000 cartridges, shells by the thousand!

Though he looks more like a writer than a soldier, the Axis fears his hand-made swords

That is why your men say that "fighting with Mihailovich means fighting in boots and uniforms taken from enemy corpses, with arms you must steal from the enemy or make from farm implements and household knives."

By such means your force of 140,000 men and 3,000 women fighters have already seized whole provinces and fair-sized towns, destroyed bridges and harbour works, torn up railways, and kept thirty-six enemy divisions engaged.

Now the Germans are hastily fortifying the coasts. Their "reprisals" are becoming massacres; 287 Serbs have been shot because one German soldier was killed.

You and your brave army will not be intimidated by these barbaric outbursts of fear; you must know that the hour of revenge and liberation is near.

Britain will be proud to share your rejoicings when that time comes.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P., Foreign Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Something more than the usual polite "hear-hears" greeted your speech on the future of world affairs. M.P.s felt that at last they had been given a constructive and hopeful outline of the way to prevent future wars.

I agree with them.

Nothing is more imperative than that the United Nations must remain united after the war.

They must retain adequate forces to make aggression impossible. They must form the nucleus of a new League of Peace.

In effect, this is to be the British policy henceforth. It will, I am confident, receive the support of all our Allies and the great bulk of the world's peace-aspiring peoples.

We must show, by deeds as well as words, that we have no intention of turning our backs on them when the war is won.

To do so would invite further aggression.

We have concluded a long-term treaty of co-operation with the Soviet Union. We are now prepared to recognise China's right to freedom from foreign interference.

But we should also, in my view, begin now to discuss with the Russian, Chinese and American leaders the operation of the world peace policy you have laid down.

Not to impose the will of the Great Powers upon the smaller countries. But to set up a framework in which all can be represented.

It is not necessary to destroy what remains of the old League of Nations structure.

On the contrary. As you have said, "The International Labour Organisation has struggled manfully, and with considerable success, to remove certain of the evils which are the root cause of war."

It has fought to improve standards of living, to raise working conditions, to banish disease.

It must, as you declare, be strengthened and developed.

This need has been strongly urged in these columns. As I have said, the machinery by which the world can be reconstructed is already at our disposal in the I.L.O.

I am convinced that it should be used now, so that we shall be ready for peace; it should be made the driving force of the new League of Peace you have visualised.

For peace cannot be made permanent by military power alone. It must be backed by the conditions that make peace desirable—not by fear of penalties for breaking the peace

And those conditions can be secured. Employment for all. A decent standard of living. Full social services. An end of economic exploitation.

There can be no substitute for world-wide social security. There can be no alternative, ultimately, except the jealousy and hunger and resentment that lead to war.

Long and painfully, this truth has been brought home to every country.

It should be our aim to prove that we have learnt our lesson. We should, without delay, take the initiative in calling our Allies into conference, and—by agreement on bold and unselfish proposals—demonstrate to all our determination to build a new world order.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—There are hints that you may crack the heads of those few obstinate managements which waste time and arouse ill-feeling.

Put all your strength behind your bludgeon!

The first blow should obviously be aimed at the nineteen engineering firms who refuse to recognise an association of supervisors and technicians. With the result that 4,000 claims for wage increases may have to be submitted *separately* to arbitration!

Such fatuous folly cannot be tolerated at a time when you need every worker to be giving of his best.

But it is not unique. Too often I hear of managements whose obsolete conservatism and shortsighted folly deny decent conditions to their workers.

This is so in many trades—from shipyards to public works, from arms factories to the distributive services.

So the men have no inducement to do their best. Instead, they seek permission to leave for other jobs, thus giving more trouble to your overworked Department.

I am not unmindful of the improvements you have gained by tactful persuasion. You have done far more than some workers may realise. But there are some managements that will never respond to diplomacy.

Take the big stick to them!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. RICHARD AUSTEN BUTLER, M.P., President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Early in the New Year, I hear, you will introduce the Government's first shy attempt at social reform—a new Education Bill.

Maybe it will not be as wholehearted as you could wish. But it will be welcome even if only because it will focus attention on the present muddle between Church and State schools.

There is another and far less excusable muddle you should clear up. A muddle that condemns thousands of youngsters to rotten schooling merely because their parents are snobs.

No one knows how many private schools there are in Britain which do not invite inspection by your officers. You do not even know yourself.

The most your Ministry can say is that they "may be more" than 9,000, and the number of children attending them "may be more" than 300,000.

Some are good, of course. Many are far below the level of council elementary schools.

Indeed, I know of some where pupils aged eleven cannot even read. I know some kept by unqualified "teachers" in the back rooms of suburban semi-detached villas.

You should seek compulsory powers to inspect them—and I believe Parliament would grant them.—JOHN BULL.

★ *Here is the story of another outstanding figure from the ever-growing gallery of R.A.F. Aces—men whose exploits will never be forgotten by the comrades who are "carrying on" in the same tradition. The epic of Warrant Officer Russell Chapman Hamer's last flight makes moving reading*

"Lofty's" Finest Hour

IMMORTALS OF THE SQUADRONS—3

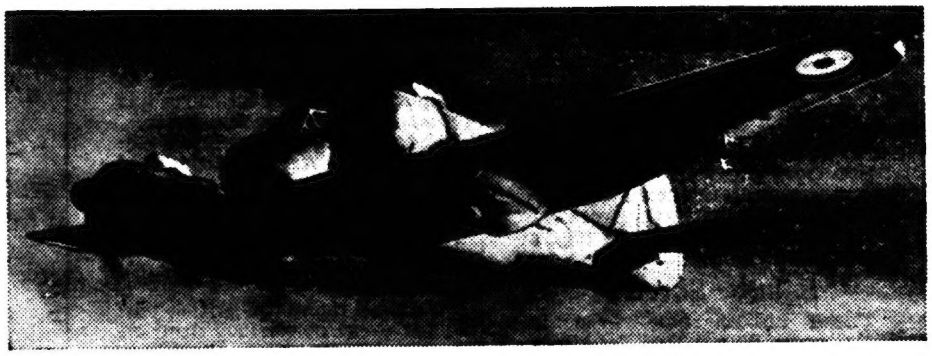
★

By JOHN CASHEL

TWENTY-SEVEN minutes was long enough to give "Lofty" a finest hour that will long be remembered in the annals of his squadron.

Lofty was the squadron's pet name for elegant, fair-haired, china-blue-eyed Warrant Officer Russell Chapman Hamer, a pioneer "cat's-eye" man of the R.A.F. and one of its most skilled and experienced night fighters.

His glorious twenty-seven minutes began in the dark sky over mid-Channel one September night when he and his observer were out hunting in their Beaufighter, hot on the trail of a German bomber whose dim shape suddenly came into view.



"Lofty" was a masterly pilot of Beaufighters like this, being one of the pioneer "cat's-eye" men of the R.A.F.

In a twinkling a series of flashes from the black hunter's six cannon stabbed to their shadowy mark, and debris from the well-hit Hun came whizzing back. One large piece struck the Beaufighter and gave its occupants an alarming jolt.

This caused Lofty to turn sharply to port to get clear of the stream of debris, and as luck would have it one of the bomber's gunners managed to hit the Beaufighter's starboard engine. It burst into flames.

Worse still, the observer at the same time saw little red flashes darting through the cockpit past the pilot. They looked as pretty as fire-flies, but he knew they were something more deadly—bullets!

He had no doubt in his mind that Lofty could not have escaped them all, but, on being asked, his captain refused to admit he was wounded, though later this became apparent.

Instead Lofty went in closer to the Hun to finish it off with his machine-guns.

As these spat, a torrent of flame tore past the black hunter and threatened to envelop it. But in a moment they were through it, and, just below, was the Hun going down, a screaming ball of fire.

"He's ablaze all right now!" was all Lofty said. His voice over the Inter-Com. seemed rather pained and forced as if he found it some effort to speak.

It indicated something more than his giving an anxious thought to his own blazing engine or that, despite the jubilation of conquest, he might not think it a pleasant sight to see a ball of fire with men inside it going down like a fiery meteor to bury itself in the sea.

Such a fleeting thought the bravest share, friend or foe alike, especially so if their own aircraft happens to be alight.

It is not difficult to add to the inevitable criss-cross of thoughts that played a mental game as swift as lightning in Lofty's mind just then.

Chanced their Luck

The flames from the burning engine might spread. He was at a good height, and he or his companion, or both, had plenty of time to bale out on to the sea and chance their luck of being able to get into their dinghy in the darkness.

But though he could swim, he knew his observer could not.

That fact would be foremost in his mind, especially as it involved the safety of the other half of the two-man team of a night fighter, the smallest, closest, most interdependent team in the R.A.F.

Lofty's second most pressing thought would be to get home his machine if there was the slightest hope of doing so.

So when his observer, thinking of his captain's undoubted wound and the burning engine, suggested their baling out, Lofty calmly replied, "Hang on a bit. We may cope."

All this, of course, happened in the first minute or two after they opened fire on the Hun.

Lofty throttled the burning engine full back and the flames died to a spluttering glow. Just afterwards the engine stopped altogether, but while this reduced the fire danger it also cut down their speed, with still many miles to go over the sea.

Fearing that at any moment Lofty might collapse from the effect of injury, the observer asked if he should go forward and let down his captain's hatch as otherwise he might have no chance to escape.

This Lofty refused to let him do, saying it would cost them too much speed. The observer saw Lofty was labouring under a tremendous strain to hold up the Beaufighter, and gradually they lost height.

When they were down to 2,000 feet he again offered his assistance in opening the pilot's escape hatch, but Lofty answered, "Hold on. I think we may make it."

"Out You Go!"

The minutes dragged by with the lame, game Beaufighter dropping lower and lower till they were but a thousand feet above the grim glint of the unfriendly water.

Then their other engine suddenly spluttered and packed up. Looking down, luckily almost at that instant they saw—the shadowy English coast-line.

Land! Lofty at once called out, "Out you go, old boy!"

Moved by this first thought for himself, the observer hesitated and asked once more if he could not go forward and open Lofty's escape hatch.

"No!" came the strained voice through the earphones. "You get out while the going's good." Good!

The observer persisted: "Is there nothing I can do?" Lofty replied: "Nothing at all. Get out quickly!"

One can imagine how the observer hated obeying that order, even though there was nothing he could do. Just as he was about to jump he heard Lofty's last words of farewell: "Best of luck. Good-bye!"

It seemed that once he had told his companion to jump, he was satisfied he had done all within his power to save his friend and get his machine home.

Till then, through some uncanny effort of will-power, he had managed to hold up their black hunter, knowing throughout those twenty-seven minutes that by refusing to have his own hatch opened he was throwing away all chance of escaping himself, if the machine suddenly lost height rapidly which, with both engines stopped, it now did.

The final fragments of the story as the last moments of Lofty's finest hour ticked to their close, were picked up through the radio-telephone by eager, anxious ears listening intently from the ground.

They heard a faint but firm voice say: "I am afraid I am finished. I shall have to go over."

Then there was the whining cry aircraft make in an uncontrolled dive. A crash. And silence.

Lofty had passed over!

His last thought, you may be sure, was not "Greater love hath no man. . . ."

But that was the first thought of his comrades when they heard the full story at the base of Squadron 141, which at that time was engaged on night fighter operations. What they said was: "So like Lofty. Just the sort of thing he would do."

They didn't talk of it as being inspiring, but quietly it gave all of them a lift. They remarked: "Anyhow, he got his Hun all right, as he always vowed he would do."

Twice before he had badly damaged raiders, but was unable to see them down. Once his guns stopped, his ammunition running out, as he was about to finish one of them

Another time when about to complete a raider's destruction his luck was both out and in as one of its bullets came through his windscreen and missed him by inches.

His record was a fine example of what one who made the humblest of beginnings in the R.A.F. could achieve.

He joined as a boy entrant and rising to sergeant pilot early in the war, became one of the first and most adept night fighters in those anxious days of the night blitz of Britain when the answer to the night raider was most urgent.

Man to Man

For three years he served with his squadron, flying Blenheims, Defiants and Beaufighters, and his experience was so valued that his chief often discussed night fighting tactics with him not as C.O. to warrant officer, but as man to man.

To the public he was an "Unknown," but at the stations where he served they will long remember this "Father of the Sergeants' Mess," a bachelor of twenty-five though he looked a little older, with quiet voice and unassuming manner, who made squadron history when his chance came.

Nearly four thousand walked in procession a mile long to pay tribute to one whom they had applauded as a good footballer and tennis player.

And who, as those glorious twenty-seven minutes showed, knew how to "play cricket" in the skies!

ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE

THE dive-bomber came hurtling down towards its target at three hundred miles an hour. When it should have zoomed out of its dive, its automatic controls jammed, and it crashed into the side of a hill.

A moment later the pilot stepped out of the wreckage. He was cut about the head and had bruised his shinbone, but otherwise he was unscathed!

That is only one of the many amazing escapes from certain death which this war has produced.

Most people are content to dismiss them as examples of astounding luck.

But Dr. John F. Fulton, Sterling professor of physiology at the American University of Yale, has meticulously examined the facts of every case of this type. And he has announced the discovery of a common denominator applicable to them all.

In every case he found an infinitesimal last-minute deceleration which saved the person from serious injury—an impromptu cushioning effect.

The bomber pilot's cushion, for instance, was provided by the crumpling of the framework of his aircraft.

Dr. Fulton's findings are being eagerly examined by other experts, and compared with other cases.

One such case occurred on the Western Front in the last war. A two-seater 'plane, flying at 8,000 feet on reconnaissance, was hit by shellfire, which smashed its controls.

Side-slipping, diving, rolling, looping drunkenly and behaving in general in a way which made the troops in the trenches 8,000 feet below want to cover their eyes, it came down to earth, finishing up by diving straight into a disused gunpit.

The wings struck both sides of the pit, broke off short at the point where they met the fuselage, and the nose went on into the bottom of the pit.

Both occupants stepped out of the fuselage without a scratch!

In their case the momentary deceleration provided by the breaking of the wings acted, presumably, as the cushioning agent.

Builders of 'planes, tanks, and armoured vehicles are already applying Dr. Fulton's findings in a practical way so as to increase the chances of our fighting men.

Perhaps a certain Belgian major of this war had already stumbled across the secret.

At all events, taking off from his aerodrome one day, he was viciously attacked by a German fighter, which crippled his aircraft. Without hesitation he drove his damaged 'plane slap into the Hun fighter, bringing both of them to the ground in a mass of interlocked and smoking wreckage.

The only thing that ever came out of that pile was the Belgian major.

Rising, as it were, like Phœnix from the ashes, he stepped gingerly between the bent girders and shattered framework, and limped towards a startled group of the aerodrome's ground staff.

His only injury was a sprained ankle.

★ *A few short weeks have seen a striking transformation in the war situation. It is so much in favour of the United Nations that German commentators have been forced to turn some extraordinary somersaults in their efforts to placate their perplexed public*

Nazis Are Made to Think Again

HOW is Nazi Germany—its people, its government, and its propaganda—reacting to the avalanche of defeats and setbacks of the once invincible *Wehrmacht*?

The answers to that question are an important pointer to German morale in the fourth winter of the war. They enable us to judge whether, in the long run, Germany can "take it."

Most Germans, of course, do not yet realise the whole extent of these setbacks. Goebbels is still a master of the verbal smoke-screen.

Their newspapers have relegated the unpleasant facts to small corners, and seek to extract small comforts from other sources.

Stalingrad has almost completely disappeared from the Nazi High Command communiqués. Only one out of eight paragraphs of a recent communiqué was devoted to the whole vast Russian front, now a surge of activity.

So they turn to Rommel, "by no means beaten," according to the Nazi Press.

German commentators unashamedly predict that "he may yet produce rabbits from under his hat."

With Rommel soundly trounced and the German troops retaining a mere foothold in Tunis and Bizerta, the Mediterranean position of the Axis is described by Goebbels as "more favourable than it has been"!

This eloquent gesture from one of our desert fighting men is an apt answer to the Nazis' floundering propaganda

The official Nazi spokesmen still chide the Allies for failure to open a Second Front in the West, and boldly announce that "the occupation of Vichy France is giving Germany a tremendous military advantage."

But some Germans, no doubt, accept these grand flights of propaganda fiction at their face value.

Troubled German People

A careful analysis of available evidence shows that other things are foremost in the mind of the German people.

It is clear that the German people are truly troubled about the Russian front and the tremendous number of casualties it exacts from the German army.

"Why all this?" is the big heading of an article in a Nazi weekly —"this" being the loss of the flower of German youth in the East.

That article obviously reflects the feelings of the German people and expresses the question which many are openly asking.

"We know why we have to make those heavy sacrifices," is the bold reply of the editor to doubting Germans who have lost their fathers, brothers, sons and husbands on the cold steppes of Russia.

"It is the price of victory!"

But from the wording of death announcements which German families insert in newspapers we can see that many Germans regard the price as too high.

"Infinite Sorrow"

Those notices now, even in Hitler's own paper, *Der Voelkische Beobachter*, omit the once customary phrase that their beloved ones "died for Fuehrer and Fatherland."

The announcements speak of "infinite sorrow," of "irreplaceable loss," of "happy young lives that have been extinguished." The note of bombastic pride has gone.

The question "Why?" is so prominent in German minds that the Nazi Press is digging out fantastic atrocity stories.

They seek to prove to the bereaved women of Germany that their menfolk died to protect them from the ravages of Russian beasts, of Bolshevik criminals.

The problem of food creates almost as much anxiety among German housewives, who find shops empty and can't even buy what their ration cards entitle them to.

The officially inspired Press is now blaming the shopkeepers for all shortages.

Ingeniously, the *Schwarze Korps* makes great play with shopkeepers who have kept back rationed food and used it for barter purposes.

For a time, Goebbels held the Ukraine out to the German people as a land of hope and plenty.

Nazi newspapers published photographs of the first food trains that arrived in Germany from Russia.

Backe, Minister of Agriculture, wrote: "There is now enough food in the conquered regions of Russia to feed not only Germany but the whole of the Continent."

But reference to the Ukraine soon disappeared from the German Press, and, after a pause, Gauleiter Koch, who is in charge of the exploitation of this "Wonderland," now frankly and publicly admits that "difficulties of exploitation of the Ukraine seem sheerly insurmountable."

Fear of Fourth Winter

To be true, the food position in Germany is far from desperate yet.

But German fears of the fourth war winter are reflected in the frantic attempts to convince the German people how much better they are off now than in 1918.

The R.A.F. raids provide German people and propaganda with the next big problem.

The whole A.R.P. organisation is being frantically overhauled. The German authorities are busy organising a Home Guard and a Civil Defence organisation on British lines.

For three years no reference to such purely defensive measures has ever appeared in the Nazi Press.

But to-day we see displayed pictures of senile A.R.P. wardens, of sixty-years-old veterans of the last war manning the A.A. defences.

And through all this runs a pathetic attempt to reassure the German people that the *Luftwaffe* will retaliate.

"We shall repay the British tenfold for every bomb they drop on Germany!" is a phrase which can be found in every Nazi newspaper.

The latest line of the Nazi Press is to give greater prominence to British raids on Italy than to the blasting of German towns.

Long Outpourings

The Italians are innundated with expressions of sympathy. But, reading the long outpourings of German correspondents and leader-writers on this subject, one cannot help feeling that they have been asked to say in so many words:

"Buck up, the Italians are worse off than we are!"

There is another even more vital topic occupying the attention of Goebbels and providing us with another pointer to the German people's true feelings.

That topic can be summed up in one question which many Germans are asking: "Are we losing the war?"

So pressing has this question become, so pertinently and persistently is it being asked, that Nazi editors feel obliged to reply.

Their argument can best be summed up by the way in which Goebbels himself in *Das Reich* put it:

"We cannot lose because we must not lose!"

And to dissolve further doubts he has initiated a big campaign to bolster up the reputation of the supreme Nazi war leader—Hitler himself.

Hitler's Press chief, Dietrich, has come out with big articles describing the war work of Hitler.

His "incomparable military genius" is emphasised in every line.

Mastered Difficulties

Great emphasis is laid on incidents of Hitler's early career, and on the many political difficulties which he has mastered in the past.

"There were times in those early days of the Party," writes a Nazi journalist, "when it seemed as if all was lost. But Hitler's political strategy secured victory!"

He tries to convince the German people that it will be exactly the same in the military field!

To-day, this array of propaganda still sustains the German people in their fears and doubts.

There is no definite sign yet that German morale is cracking, or that Germany cannot take it.

And as long as Hitler's reputation can be preserved, as long as fear of defeat is more unendurable than the hardships of war, the German people will be the willing allies of the German army in the field.

DECEMBER 12, 1942

THUNDER OVE

★ *There are imperative reasons why Italy must be a primary target. Not the least of these is sea power, for full control of the Mediterranean is essential to our whole war strategy*

By A. G. GARDINER

IT has always been a nice question which of the two gangsters who have wrecked Europe would be the first to be spewed out of its mouth. The odds are now on Mussolini.

It is possible, of course, that Hitler may still beat him in the race to the gallows. His prestige can hardly survive Stalingrad and the horrors of a second Russian winter, and at any moment the Army Chiefs may "liquidate" him as he has "liquidated" so many of their colleagues.

But they will not do it until they know that the German people are at their back in smashing their idol, and they do not know this yet.

Moreover, the fall of Hitler will mean a vastly different thing to Germany than the fall of Mussolini will mean to Italy.

It will mean that Germany has lost the war, while the fall of Mussolini will mean that Italy has escaped from the war and from the maëlstrom that will suck the Axis to the abyss.

That Mussolini's extinction is imminent cannot be doubted. He himself seems to accept the fact. He did not open his mouth at the Fascist demonstration. His speech last week sounded like a dying scream from the scaffold.

He has not dared to go to devastated Turin or Milan. He was warned that he would be mobbed and perhaps assassinated if he did.

He knows that his régime is at the last gasp and that the people he has deceived and betrayed into slavery thirst for his blood.

★ ★ ★

NO ONE QUESTIONS TO-DAY THE WISDOM OF THE STRATEGY THAT AIMS AT FIRST ELIMINATING ITALY.

The clamours for a frontal attack on Germany from the Atlantic seaboard have died down under the impact of the mighty happenings in Africa.

It may be true that the war cannot be won without the invasion and occupation of Germany. But it would have been madness, after the fall of France, to have undertaken that vast task while Hitler's power was at its maximum and before we had gathered strength and knocked away the props that gave him external support.

Moreover, there were imperative reasons why Italy must be our first target. Sea-power is to us the very breath of our life, and the loss of the Mediterranean would have threatened that power at its most vital link.

We came within an ace of losing it when France fell. Indeed, we did lose it as our own highway to the East.

By the skin of our teeth we kept our naval foothold, but millions of tons of our mercantile shipping have been practically lost to us by the necessity of supplying the East and the Middle East by way of the Cape.

With the domination of the Mediterranean is bound up the fate of North Africa, of the Suez, of Syria, Persia, India.

In a word, the recovery of the unimpeded usage of the Mediterranean is for us the first condition of victory.

★ ★ ★

And Italy is the only obstruction to the attainment of that end.

Imagine what would have been our position if the Italian fleet had been left in undisputed possession of the Middle Sea, as so nearly happened.

Under the protection of that fleet Hitler would long since have been master of the Suez and North Africa.

He would have had an unobstructed sea route to Syria and India. After the conquest of Greece, he might well have changed his whole programme, left "the sleeping dogs" of Russia lying, and made straight for the Middle East.

Only our Fleet at Alexandria made that adventure too risky to be attempted. So he took the plunge against Russia and signed his own death warrant.

History may say that our naval foothold at Alexandria changed the course of the war and even decided its issue.

That is what the Mediterranean has meant and still means to us.

★ ★ ★

But there was another hardly less weighty reason for the strategy that in the past month has had so thrilling a triumph. "One man and one man only" has been Mr. Churchill's impressive refrain in regard to Italy.

The refrain does not apply to Germany. Hitler represents the spirit and policy of Germany. That is his strength.

MUSSOLINI HAS NEVER REPRESENTED THE SPIRIT AND POLICY OF ITALY. THAT IS HIS WEAKNESS.

In all his record of infamies he has been inspired only by his own insane lust for personal glory. He has never had, except perhaps in the conquest of Abyssinia, the Italian people behind him.

They were hostile to his Spanish activities. They saw themselves being drawn into Hitler's toils with alarm. They found themselves hitched to Hitler's chariot wheels in Hitler's war with despair.

They hated the Germans with a hatred that has its roots in two thousand years of history. They liked the English, who had been their friends in their darkest hour and their helpers in their hours of deliverance.

Garibaldi had expressed Italy's indebtedness to us in an immortal command.

They had been our allies in the last war. They were spiritually with us in this. Never was there such an unnatural alliance as that into which "one man and one man only" ensnared them for his own ambitious ends.

And dearly have they paid for his wickedness and his blunder.

Their empire has vanished like a cloud from the sky. Their nation is beggared. Their

THUNDER OVER ITALY NOW

★ *There are imperative reasons why Italy must be a primary target. Not the least of these is sea power, for full control of the Mediterranean is essential to our whole war strategy*

By A. G. GARDINER

IT has always been a nice question which of the two gangsters who have wrecked Europe would be the first to be spewed out of its mouth. The odds are now on Mussolini.

It is possible, of course, that Hitler may still beat him in the race to the gallows. His prestige can hardly survive Stalingrad and the horrors of a second Russian winter, and at any moment the Army Chiefs may "liquidate" him as he has "liquidated" so many of their colleagues.

But they will not do it until they know that the German people are at their back in smashing their idol, and they do not know this yet.

Moreover, the fall of Hitler will mean a vastly different thing to Germany than the fall of Mussolini will mean to Italy.

It will mean that Germany has lost the war, while the fall of Mussolini will mean that Italy has escaped from the war and from the maëlstrom that will suck the Axis to the abyss.

That Mussolini's extinction is imminent cannot be doubted. He himself seems to accept the fact. He did not open his mouth at the Fascist demonstration. His speech last week sounded like a dying scream from the scaffold.

He has not dared to go to devastated Turin or Milan. He was warned that he would be mobbed and perhaps assassinated if he did.

He knows that his régime is at the last gasp and that the people he has deceived and betrayed into slavery thirst for his blood.

★ ★ ★

NO ONE QUESTIONS TO-DAY THE WISDOM OF THE STRATEGY THAT AIMS AT FIRST ELIMINATING ITALY.

The clamours for a frontal attack on Germany from the Atlantic seaboard have died down under the impact of the mighty happenings in Africa.

It may be true that the war cannot be won without the invasion and occupation of Germany. But it would have been madness, after the fall of France, to have undertaken that vast task while Hitler's power was at its maximum and before we had gathered strength and knocked away the props that gave him external support.

Moreover, there were imperative reasons why Italy must be our first target. Sea-power is to us the very breath of our life, and the loss of the Mediterranean would have threatened that power at its most vital link.

We came within an ace of losing it when France fell. Indeed, we did lose it as our own highway to the East.

By the skin of our teeth we kept our naval foothold, but millions of tons of our mercantile shipping have been practically lost to us by the necessity of supplying the East and the Middle East by way of the Cape.

With the domination of the Mediterranean is bound up the fate of North Africa, of the Suez, of Syria, Persia, India.

In a word, the recovery of the unimpeded usage of the Mediterranean is for us the first condition of victory.

★ ★ ★

And Italy is the only obstruction to the attainment of that end.

Imagine what would have been our position if the Italian fleet had been left in undisputed possession of the Middle Sea, as so nearly happened.

Under the protection of that fleet Hitler would long since have been master of the Suez and North Africa.

He would have had an unobstructed sea route to Syria and India. After the conquest of Greece, he might well have changed his whole programme, left "the sleeping dogs" of Russia lying, and made straight for the Middle East.

Only our Fleet at Alexandria made that adventure too risky to be attempted. So he took the plunge against Russia and signed his own death warrant.

History may say that our naval foothold at Alexandria changed the course of the war and even decided its issue.

That is what the Mediterranean has meant and still means to us.

★ ★ ★

But there was another hardly less weighty reason for the strategy that in the past month has had so thrilling a triumph. "One man and one man only" has been Mr. Churchill's impressive refrain in regard to Italy.

The refrain does not apply to Germany. Hitler represents the spirit and policy of Germany. That is his strength.

MUSSOLINI HAS NEVER REPRESENTED THE SPIRIT AND POLICY OF ITALY. THAT IS HIS WEAKNESS.

In all his record of infamies he has been inspired only by his own insane lust for personal glory. He has never had, except perhaps in the conquest of Abyssinia, the Italian people behind him.

They were hostile to his Spanish activities. They saw themselves being drawn into Hitler's toils with alarm. They found themselves hitched to Hitler's chariot wheels in Hitler's war with despair.

They hated the Germans with a hatred that has its roots in two thousand years of history. They liked the English, who had been their friends in their darkest hour and their helpers in their hours of deliverance.

Garibaldi had expressed Italy's indebtedness to us in an immortal command.

They had been our allies in the last war. They were spiritually with us in this. Never was there such an unnatural alliance as that into which "one man and one man only" ensnared them for his own ambitious ends.

And dearly have they paid for his wickedness and his blunder.

Their empire has vanished like a cloud from the sky. Their nation is beggared. Their

"I'll walk beside you!" said the Duce, when the walking seemed good. Now he must realise that he is stepping to his doom . . .

monarchy is a thing of derision. Their towns are in ruins. Their country is reduced to the status of a German colony.

The "master race" has sent thousands of their sons to die in Russia and has left thousands more to perish in the African desert, having robbed them of their means of escape in order to escape themselves.

What a story! "One man and one man only." And all Italy knows it.

Those 300,000 people who have fled from Turin alone, know it. The army knows it.

Every prisoner knows it and his passionate hatred of the Germans recoils on the head of the loud-mouthed bully who has enslaved them to the barbarians.

It has not been our fault that we have become the instrument of their punishment. From the moment that Mussolini set out on his career of brigandage, from Abyssinia onwards, we have done our utmost to save a people with whom we have never had a quarrel and for whom we have sincere affection, from self-destruction.

And if at this stage it is they upon whom the brunt of the storm falls, it is not because our feelings have changed. It is because this is the path of victory—not victory for ourselves only, but victory for the Italians, too.

Victory over Hitler, who has enslaved them. Victory over Hitler's jackal, who has sold them into slavery.

Is it too much to hope that now that all the dreadful consequences of Mussolini's blundering criminality are disclosed, Italy will listen to Mr. Churchill's warning and appeal and turn on the enemies of her liberty and her life? I think not.

THERE ARE SIGNS IN ITALY, AS IN FRANCE, THAT THE HOUR OF AWAKENING HAS COME.

Mussolini's number is up as surely as Laval's. The day of the blackguards is over.

The day of retribution and deliverance is near, and the two great Latin nations will yet play their part in it.

Meanwhile, the thunder over Italy must grow in intensity until she has cast her Old Man of the Sea to perdition.

What an Excuse for the Duce!

ONE of the most curious statements in Mussolini's last speech was his explanation for having entered the war as Hitler's junior partner: Had Italy remained neutral, she would at the end of the war have been maltreated by both sides.

O, what an excuse for the Duce! . . . And what an odd compliment to the Fuehrer! Seemingly, he is blackmailer, not friend!

★ ★ ★

It was not even a slip, since he repeated it a few minutes later in other words: Italy had always the choice between defending her maritime frontiers or her alpine frontiers.

He couldn't give one instance in the last 100 years of Britain or France threatening his shores.

Yet, Hitler is now Mussolini's supreme hope against a revolution at home.

But has Hitler the troops to help keep the Duce in power?

He had hardly sufficient reserves for occupying the South of France properly, and meanwhile Stalin's devastating offensives are compelling him to throw one division after another into the furnaces on the Eastern front.

If Hitler could spare divisions for strengthening Musso's home front, he would not have had to beg repeatedly for Italian reinforcements for his Eastern front.

Only the Luftwaffe, so far, seems to have complete units on Italian soil, mainly in Sicily.

But the Duce's announcement that the Germans are to dispatch anti-aircraft units for the protection of Italian cities against R.A.F. raids, may, in reality, mask the beginning of a more substantial German occupation to help fend off revolution.

What sort of a revolution will it be? A palace revolution at the top or a popular revolution from the bottom? Or a combination?

My forecast is that general discontent and war-weariness in the masses will take such forms that influential circles will decide to open the safety-valve, lest the whole cauldron bursts.

They will prompt the King to perform a palace revolution in time, so as to forestall a social revolution.

Or they may persuade the aged king to abdicate.

★ ★ ★

This at least would save the dynasty and let his son, Umberto, carry out the necessary changes.

Undoubtedly there are influential forces already working behind the scenes for that effect.

Big business—financial and industrial—begins to show signs of "ratting,' lest a popular revolution, Socialist or even Communist, might destroy all its power and wealth for ever.

Count Volpi among the financiers, Pirelli, Agnello and even the family of Count Ciano among the industrialists, are said to favour a palace revolution and a separate peace.

Also there are still some important Generals and Admirals—Marshal Badoglio and General Cavaglia among them—likely to take part in a palace revolution.

The popular revolution is bound to follow, sooner or later, any superficial changes at the top.

★ ★ ★

But it would be foolish to create any obstacles to the establishment of a transitory régime.

After twenty years of Fascist dictatorship and persecutions the former anti-Fascist parties — Socialists, Communists, Republicans, Popular-Catholics and Liberals—are reduced to skeleton-groups of mostly middle-aged or elderly men who work underground and with little means of action.

Yet they can count, when the time comes, on the support of millions of people in all classes and of all ages.

But first things must come first—and all that matters for the moment is to get rid of the "one man and one man alone" whose disappearance from the Italian scene will be the prelude also to the downfall of his German master. VICTOR SCHIFF.

PHANTOM DOCTOR IN QUEER CULT

Charles Adams Simpson (centre) with some of his supporters

THERE are countless people who believe devoutly in Spiritualism and in the Power of Faith.

Many work without thought of gain to heal the sick, relieve the sufferings of the maimed, and comfort the weary. Their sincerity cannot be questioned.

But, as one body, I am sure they loathe mercenaries and parasites in their midst, and will appreciate this exposure of a movement which, to my mind, is the most intolerable example of what may be called "Black Sheep Spiritualism."

In a large five-storied house at 29, Queen's Gate, Kensington, London, are the headquarters of a fast-growing organisation called "The Seekers."

It boasts tens of thousands of members, and has branches in various parts of the country.

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

It also has its own "City of Prayer" about seven miles from Maidstone, Kent.

Though Healing and Prayer are its prime aims, there is a commercial side which clamours for comment.

This extraordinary movement claims to be organised and directed by a man who has been dead for eighty years!

He is Doctor Joseph Lascelles—a famous medical man who is stated to have returned to earth to carry on the work of healing by spiritual means.

He is said to "control" the destinies of "The Seekers," even to the minutest detail.

He is supposed to give lectures from the Beyond, write articles and essays, which are published by "The Seekers," and even to criticise members of the present medical profession for grievous errors Sometimes, too, he "reviews" books by present-day authors!

Special Medium

Apparently he does all these incredible things through a medium specially chosen for the task.

This unique personality is Charles Adams Simpson, earthly director of "The Seekers," who goes into trances at signalled moments in order to receive his master's instructions.

Mr. Simpson calmly alleges that Doctor Lascelles communicates regularly with him, directs how "The Seekers" is to be run, and enables him to give advice for spiritual healing in what would otherwise be incurable diseases.

Thus, in cases which mere, mundane medical men have pronounced as incurable, patients are catered for through "The Seekers" by this phantom doctor.

Tuberculosis, kidney troubles, diabetes, neurasthenia, angina pectoris, varicose veins, uræmia, infantile paralysis, and even cancer are among the ailments treated by Simpson and his thirty or forty "healers" in this strange cult.

He makes no bones about it, either. Here are Doctor Lascelles' own words, interpreted by Simpson, about cancer:

"Cancer is a notoriously painful as well as fatal disease.

"It should no longer be classed among the incurable diseases, since we have demonstrated on numerous occasions that a cure can be effected by our methods even in advanced cases."

And some of the alleged instances he gives are surely phenomenal! In one case a patient was confined in bed with inoperable cancer, and her belongings had even been disposed of in view of her apparently inevitable death.

After six months' treatment by "The Seekers" she was well enough to go away, and not long afterwards spent a holiday hiking.

A Natural Healer

In another case a physician and a surgeon were consulted and advised an immediate operation. A bed in a hospital was booked and the patient, thinking she would not survive the operation, proceeded to put her affairs in order.

Meantime, "The Seekers" came to her rescue, and when she presented herself for the operation, it was found to be quite unnecessary.

Simpson describes himself as a "natural healer."

He certainly holds no medical qualifications, and, just prior to launching "The Seekers," was selling stockings in street markets.

Now, in this strange and unorthodox way, he "heals" disease, and "trains" healers all over the country to do the same!

Though specific fees are not charged for treatment, adherents are expected to give everything they can to further the work being done by Doctor Lascelles (through Simpson) from the *Unseen*.

Such financial help—always being appealed for—must be made *voluntarily*.

Only Charles Adams Simpson and his closest followers know just how much money has flowed into the funds of "The Seekers."

No accounts are issued to the outside world—Doctor Lascelles would not wish that.

What qualifications are possessed by his "Helpers," who treat "patients" in all parts of the country?

Only about a year is spent training a "healer," and anyone, provided he or she testifies belief in the doctrines of "The Seekers," can be enrolled.

"Linked Prayer"

They are given lectures on anatomy, physiology, symptomology, spiritual healing and demonstrations of what are called "healing passes."

Then they treat patients in small private chapels, or even in their homes, while a special system of "linked" prayer is followed on their behalf.

Mr. Simpson must find his arrangement with Doctor Lascelles almost incredibly convenient, to say the least! For although ordinarily these local "healers" have no recognised medical qualifications, they are all sheltered under the guiding wing of the departed physician.

What is Simpson's history? And how did Doctor Lascelles find him in the first place?

Just after the last war, when Simpson was earning his living as an engineer in Wellington, New Zealand, he was (so his story goes) continually troubled by a strange voice in his ears.

He was first really impressed when this voice warned him to hurry to the Wellington Patent Office. Simpson jumped in a taxi and arrived just in time to find a colleague registering as his own a patent which he himself had perfected.

Later, the voice led him through various extraordinary experiences, and, finally, he came to London.

He opened a "Guild of Healing" in a basement flat in St. George's Square, London, S.W., in which a "healing chapel" was constructed in the coal cellar.

Later, Doctor Lascelles "ordered" him to acquire the premises at Queen's Gate which now form the magnificent headquarters of "The Seekers."

Since then money has literally rained on Simpson. He himself has admitted getting cheques for £1,000 and £1,500 within a short space of each other from people he has "directed" under instructions from the master.

On the eve of one of his early property deals Simpson and his wife, I happen to know, had just £29 in the bank between them. They wanted to buy a house—again to further the work of their phantom doctor—for £8,000.

The house was to be put up for auction in a fortnight, but the doctor had said he would provide the money to buy it.

One follower was found to put up £800. £1,100 was obtained from others. Another later put up £2,500.

Just before the auction Simpson was still short. He was asked to go out to treat a new patient. He got the balance from her people.

When a year or so ago "The City of Prayer" was established at Addington Park, Kent, an old mansion house standing in 300 acres was bought by Simpson at a cost of £13,000.

This money was found, in this strange, inimitable fashion, by people who, through the remarkably successful earthly functions of Simpson, believe they are more or less commanded to help to the limits of their ability.

No evidence can be found in earthly records of the departed Doctor Lascelles.

Indeed, in recent literature published by "The Seekers" it is said that this famous "Doctor Lascelles" was not known by that name when practising medicine on earth!

Himself Deceived?

Simpson was severely criticised by certain of his followers some years back for registering a limited liability company called the Guild of Spiritual Healing, Ltd., which went into liquidation because, as Simpson himself admits, "our friends objected to it."

Although compelled to close that company down, his name has figured since as a director of other companies registered in connection with this strange movement.

Facts of this kind make one wonder whether Simpson has been so long at this game that he is not now deceiving himself!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

A Wimbledon reader who, for reasons I appreciate, wishes to remain anonymous, is awarded this week's £1 1s

Readers are invited to send me information of any kind that calls for inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WHAT IS BEVERIDGE LIKE?

● One day, perhaps, Sir William Beveridge will grow a long beard and look like Father Christmas.

Even then, though, he will have to learn to exude the benevolence which is already a great part of his make-up. Actually, he hides it, as he hides his profound wisdom.

We think, usually, of an economist as the dullest of all men. Sir William is far from dull.

A delightful companion, he is also a great friend.

When not resident in his Oxford college he lives in the Reform Club, a sepulchral building full of portraits of dead Liberals, where he wrote much of his 120,000-word report in the cellar.

At nights he plays billiards or bridge and carefully refrains from contradicting, in conversation, what must often seem to him a lot of half-knowledge.

DOES WAR MAKE US ARTISTIC?

● More people are buying pictures, ornaments, and curios. Prices are soaring.

Does this mean that war fosters a love of enduring, beautiful things? Alas, it does not.

A lot of the money now being invested in antiques comes from the Black Market and consists of £1 notes that the owners dare not bank.

Then many who fear inflation—a drop in the value of the £1—prefer to put their money into movable property.

Partly for the same reason, diamonds are now worth at least 25 per cent. more than they were in 1939.

WILL THE COALITION GO ON?

● I think so. Generally, the National Government has worked well.

As plans for reconstruction are being forced on the War Cabinet by outside opinion, they will more and more take the shape of schemes which can be backed by a consensus of national opinion spread among all the Parties.

You will see, in my opinion, a five years' political truce, during which vast plans for national and international settlement will change the face of the globe.

One Party couldn't do it.

WHY ARE TRADES UPROOTED?

● "What is behind the moving of industries?" I am asked. "The public does not understand."

It is merely part of a much-needed plan for a more scientific use of manpower and accommodation.

In Russia, vast factories had to be shifted after the German invasion. This entailed, of course, considerable hardship. But it was inevitable if the Soviets were to be saved.

Here, although the need is not nearly as urgent, man-power is the key to victory. A new localisation of industry is needed.

When room is needed for war-work, non-essential trades must be moved.

This vast plan will, no doubt, be extended after the war.

Naturally, there is a protest among those affected. But the war must come first—or there will be no industries.

A SLICE OF LIFE — **By WALDO KELLAR**

A SMALL AND DIRTY DOG

It was a dog. But what a dog! It was the canine equivalent of one of those outcasts of humanity whom you see picking among the dustbins

YESTERDAY I met a man who had fallen in love with a girl who was playing him up; and I remembered the story. . . .

I used to know a man named Chico. Heaven only knows what has become of him. He was one of those men who are somehow destined to be made fools of by women.

You know the type: Drunk with vanity and full of trivialities; boiling over with a sense of stupendous importance—a bore who believed that the whole world waited, breathlessly, for news of his latest emotional entanglement.

Now one day—it must be about seven years ago—I met him while I was sitting outside the Café des Deux Marroniers.

I was having a drink with a queer little fellow who looked like a jockey and whose name I never knew, when Chico came fluttering about us with all the news of a brand new infatuation.

"She is wonderful, adorable, and good. She is faithful, devoted, and absolutely divine. . . ."

So he ran on. And then the man who looked like a jockey turned his head and deliberately spat on the pavement. His leathery little face wore an expression of seething distaste. Then he spoke, and this is what he said:

I have lived about fifty years or so, more or less, and in the last thirty years I have never had anything to do with love as applied to women.

I do not believe that women have any idea of the meaning of devotion. They are like men—too complicated and too tied-up in self-interest.

No!—let me finish! I know what you're going to say . . . that the love of a good woman is this, that, and the other! I do not deny that a good woman can love you as much as need be.

After all, what the devil are human beings that they should expect other human beings to be taken in by them to the extent of loving them?

I know all about people in love, because I was very much in love once, a long time ago.

I was in the early twenties. I met a species of blonde who worked for a milliner, and although she was not much to look at (now that I come to think of it) and had a general air of treachery and vicious ill-temper, I took it into my head that she was the most delightful and divine female that ever walked on legs.

So I started to go around with her and buy her presents, spending more than I could afford and making a perfect fool of myself.

We used to quarrel horribly. I was jealous of her, and not without cause, for she was flighty . . . and worse.

Then, one day, when I had seen her sitting in a café drinking, when she swore she had to visit a dying aunt, we had a last terrific row and parted.

I was young and a fool. I took to drowning my sorrows in drink. But that, as you know, is no way to drown sorrows.

THIS went on for weeks. I lost my job. I used up my savings. I went to the bad. I had a little bit of property, and began to sell that, too.

I drank and drank. And then, one wretched rainy night on the edge of winter, I was staggering home to bed, eaten up with loneliness and the horrible depression of the drunkard, when, reaching my doorstep, I trod on something soft that whimpered.

It was a dog. But what a dog! It was the canine equivalent of one of those outcasts of humanity whom you see picking among the dustbins.

It was a mongrel, and a product of five hundred generations of mongrels. It looked like a jackal, it looked like a drowned lamb, it looked like the sweepings of a barber's shop with its hair of twenty different colours.

But the poor beast was very wretched, for it had been injured in a fight with a bigger dog—with a better dog—and was bleeding at the neck.

Now you know the maudlin sentimentality of the drunk: normally I would have ignored the beast, or, if I had wanted to be merciful I would have had him killed.

But now I picked it up and took it into my bedroom; bathed its wounds and bandaged them, and even reeled out to find something to eat for it.

There is nothing that clings to life like your creature of the gutters; the dog recovered, and after that he would never leave me.

You talk about love. I have yet to see a human love to equal the love of that dog.

ONE night again, being savagely drunk, I beat him; but when he came afterwards to lick my hand—the hand that had injured him—an awful remorse took possession of me and, odd as it may seem, I gave up drinking.

Yes, because of the influence of that small and dirty dog I found myself another job, saved myself from complete wreck and ruin, and began to settle down to the life of an industrious and respectable young bachelor.

And all would have been well. But one day in the Spring I saw that accursed woman again. And all the crazy infatuation came back.

We talked. She said that she had never loved anybody but me, and I, only too anxious to believe it, was wild with joy.

Then she looked down and saw the dog, and asked: "What sort of a beast is that?" I replied: "I call him Charles, and he is really quite a wonderful little dog in spite of his unprepossessing appearance."

And there came into her eyes a look of hate: She was a very bad woman, and she was jealous of that dog.

We decided to get married, and did so as quickly as we could and went to live in my flat. And then the old wickedness crept back.

It had been there all the time, but now she felt that she had me, and words cannot describe the extent of her persecution of me from day to day.

This went on for nearly a year, and again—being a man who has in him a streak of disgusting softness—I began to drink.

She did all that she could, for her part, to make my life intolerable. Well, one night I came home drunk.

She was waiting for me with a certain evil smile on her face.

First of all I observed the absence of the dog Charles who invariably greeted me with frantic caresses.

I said: "Where is he?" And my wife said: "He is where I wish you were."

And then she told me that she had had enough of this little loathsome dog and had got rid of him. I was absolutely stunned. She went on to tell me how she could not bear the idiotic affection I had for the dog . . . she could not tolerate his appearance, his smell. . . .

And when she said that I knew that I really did love the dog better than her . . . that my affection for her was mere folly and that I really loved the dog for his goodness . And I sat down and stared in front of me.

She said: "I tied a brick round his neck and chucked him into the river. Dirty little beast! The wind blew my hat off. You will have to buy me a new one."

AT that, I felt myself going mad with rage, and I saw a pink mist before my eyes. I kept a revolver in a drawer. I opened the drawer and took out the revolver.

I swear to you that I was going to kill her. And then, just as my finger was on the trigger, I heard a familiar scratching at the door, and paused.

Her face was pale as death. I opened the door. Charles came in.

He was in a pitiful state—almost drowned, shivering with cold, bleeding, and dripping with water.

In his teeth he held a black hat with pink flowers—her hat. He limped up to me, laid the hat at my feet, tried to wag his tail, and fell dead. And my rage melted in a great gush of tears.

For that woman I felt, then, only an awful contempt. I picked up the body of the little dog and left the flat.

I looked at that beloved, bedraggled corpse and thought how strange and sad it was that God had sent the mongrel dog to save me from drunkenness, ruin, and murder. I never saw my wife again.

Love! You speak of love! You and your silly little romances! For myself, I have never met in all the world a love to equal that of the small, dirty dog Charles.

Supposing They Had Listened

IT is remarkable (if you'll give a moment to think about it) how much of our time we give to telling other people How.

"Everything would be all right if only You would do so and so."

Professional orators tell other people How from platforms. Amateur orators tell other people How from soap-boxes and the corner of the public bar.

At some time or other during the day we are, all of us, at it.

Recently, with tongue and pen, we have been telling the Prime Minister How.

★ ★ ★

I wonder if he listened.

I wonder, too, how different the next few years would one day look in the history books if he had taken notice.

Not only that. I wonder if any really great man ever did take notice.

Rembrandt's paintings are mostly brown and black and red and grey. You have to search to find a spot of blue.

But no doubt Rembrandt had some well-meaning neighbour or brother-in-law who was willing to tell him how to ginger up his pictures a bit.

"What you ought to do, you know, old man——"

But Rembrandt went on painting his masterpieces in his own way—which was the only way Rembrandt could paint them, being Rembrandt.

No doubt somebody who knew it all took Shakespeare aside in the *Mermaid* on Cheapside.

"Now, listen, old boy. This new show of yours, *Hamlet*. Now, if you want it to run, old boy, you'll take my advice. A dance troupe in Act Two—couple of dozen snappy gals. Pep it up a bit."

But Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* as only he knew how.

Plenty of knowing ones once told Columbus that he'd sail across the Atlantic to nowhere, since there was nothing on the other side.

★ ★ ★

Plenty of knowing ones told Nelson that it was a very good telescope, but he'd never see anything through *that* eye.

There is never any shortage of knowing ones.

But if the others had always listened!

If Nelson hadn't used his blind eye. If Columbus hadn't sailed.

If!

Of one thing, though, I think we can be certain. A great man always knows that he's a great man; even if he's too modest to say so.

We quack, but he gets on with it.

We orate We write to the papers. But the great man gets on with it.

We sit in class and tell the teacher How.

But only he knows the answers. We don't.

If we did we'd be up by the blackboard with a piece of chalk in our hand.

We shouldn't be sitting in school.

A. G.

SALVAGE SAVES SHIPS

IF you think it isn't worth while saving odd bits of metal and rubber, here's a fact that will surprise you.

Salvage handed to the dustman up to September last—which doesn't represent the grand total by any means—has saved 628 ships return trips half-way round the world.

It made possible the joint Anglo-American invasion of North Africa, and still leaves enough cargo space for that Second Front in Europe.

Save paper, metals, rubber, textiles, kitchen waste, bones, and you leave ships' space for men and weapons to beat Hitler. Become a street salvage steward, and you play an organiser's part in securing victory.

★ *Here is yet another epic of invincible courage on the high seas. While seamen like the brave crew of the "Svend Foyn" are afloat, tyrants will challenge the freedom of the seas in vain . . .*

Four Youths Who Saved a Ship

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

You wouldn't consider a whaler much of a target for Hitler's warships; but any vessel that is unarmed provides a strong attraction . . .

HER name was *Svend Foyn*, she was a Norwegian whale factory ship, a *free* ship, manned by *free* men, going about her peaceful trade in the icy waters of the far north.

Not, you would have said, much of a target for Hitler's warships. But you would be wrong.

She was a very good target indeed for his proud *Unterseebooten* fleet, for she was unarmed! And too unwieldy to have even a chance of ramming an attacker.

Svend Foyn was a Norwegian inventor who originated the explosive harpoon, now commonly used in whaling.

The ship named after him was a very costly specially built boat, able to open up part of her hull and "engorge" a dead whale.

And she was manned by such men, Norwegians, as followed Amundsen to the Pole.

Well, they were steaming home, heavy laden, cheerful, looking forward to a spell on shore among people, after the intense loneliness of the desolate north, when the torpedo struck.

Perilous List

Through the gap the torpedo had torn came huge waves, and the vessel heeled over alarmingly as if she meant to turn turtle and go down.

The worst of an oil cargo is that it shifts at such a time; and 20,000 tons of whale oil slumped and slopped over so as to add impetus to the perilous list of the ship.

Pumps exist for the purpose of moving the oil, but the damage to the vessel's side had drowned the pump-valves under 12 ft. of swirling oil and water.

The skipper called for volunteers to dive into the mixture and find the valves. As he did so, the Chief Engineer, who had been making an examination of the damage, came to his side and said something in a low voice.

"Lads," the Captain called, after hearing the report, "it's worse down there than I thought. Some of the boilers are loose, and are rolling about in the oil. I need not tell you what that means. But we must get those valves free or the ship won't live.

"Now, which of you will do the job?"

One after another four Norwegian sailors stepped forward, the eldest of them twenty-two.

They knew what they had to face. Some of the 60-ton boilers in which the whale blubber is rendered down had broken adrift in the explosion and were rolling two and fro in the oil and water, charging about with each movement of the ship.

Worked by Touch

They were heavy enough to break clean through the ship's side: a man hit by one would go down to die beneath the choking, black, oily mess in the hold.

Under the direction of the chief engineer the volunteers climbed into diving suits. One asked for an underwater torch, but that engineer shook his head.

"No use," he said briefly. "It won't show any light in that mess down there. You've got to work by touch alone."

No one knew at what moment a second torpedo might arrive, or whether, perhaps, the U-boat would surface and bombard them.

But the volunteers knew quite well that any further attack would send the vessel to the bottom like a stone. There would be no chance of salvation for men working in the hold then, weighted with diving suits.

But they did not hesitate.

The first thing to be done was to guide the big iron boilers out through the torpedo-hole. But the 60-ton boilers had run amok!

Four youths, six 60-ton boilers, performing a macabre dance of death beneath black oil and water, deep in the hold of what seemed a sinking ship—with her destroyer perhaps about to send against her yet another mighty explosive charge.

Two Gone!

The first boiler was cornered, levered towards the invisible gash in the ship's side . . . and vanished.

Another boiler, charging like lightning, missed a slow-turning diver by inches, and smashed against the edge of the torpedo-hole, broke away a fresh great section of iron plating and went down outside.

Two gone!

Four more of the boilers were slowly forced into a corner, levered towards the hole, and went out.

The gap had now been enlarged, partly by the violent attacks of the boilers, which were as if inspired with a cruel determination to harm before they left the ship that could no longer carry them. Indeed, it was found later, in port, that it gaped 70 ft. wide and about 40 ft. deep.

Through this hole, through which a fairly large house could have been passed entire, a raging Arctic sea was battering. The *Svend Foyn* was listing dangerously; her skipper said later that he did not know why she remained afloat.

Down beneath the oil and water, the divers were blindly feeling for the pump valves on which the safety of all depended.

Restored to Even Keel

One valve was freed, and the little group of dumb, clumsy figures lurched awkwardly towards another . . .

The last valve was presently freed. The four youths went up again and were hauled out, after surviving an experience to which there is no parallel in fiction.

The pumps began to clack. Slowly, deadly slowly, the *Svend Foyn* was restored to an even keel.

Meanwhile, the terrific Arctic storm was rising, like the anger of a sea-god seeing himself cheated of his acknowledged prey.

The raging gale beat against the ship, sheathing her still heavier with heavy ice. She lay low in the water and waves as big as hills smashed at her.

"I thought she would break in two amidships where the torpedo had hit her; she creaked and shuddered, and we felt she was going each time a wave hit her," one of the officers remarked later.

Owing to the torpedo damage, she answered only sluggishly to the rudder, and could not be kept away from the weight of the seas.

That storm lasted for two and a half days without an hour's pause. It was an elemental duel between a man-built ship and Nature's fury.

The ship won.

In all that time none of her crew slept; they hardly ate or drank; there was no cooked food. With every man of them was the consciousness that she might break her back at any moment.

But, because they stood to their posts and did more than it seemed that men could do, the *Svend Foyn* battered her way at last into a northern port, bringing the greater part of her valuable cargo safely with her.

VOICE

STATIONED in India, Bdr. C. F. Matthews, R.A., enjoyed a ten-day trip by river-boat. He writes to his wife at Swanshurst Lane, Moseley, Birmingham:

It was like a pleasure trip on the boat. First-class accommodation, each man with a separate cabin and two bathrooms between six of us. Fans and electric light everywhere and little to do except prepare our own meals.

Each time we stopped we went ashore to buy things to augment our rations. The last time ashore we bought two plump chickens for 1s. 8d.! A lovely trip. You and the kids would have enjoyed it.

NO COUPONS!

Serving in a military hospital in South Africa, a Sister, attached to the R.N., writes to her sister at Brook House, Canon Pyon, Hereford:

The Admiralty chiefs seem a little uncertain what to do with sixty women attached to the R.N. who are now in South Africa, so we are marking time here, but doing a useful job.

Life in a military hospital is very different from life in the Navy. . . . I still find it hard to get out of bed first thing in the morning. But it is nice to be doing some real work again.

We are nursing British Tommies, and they are proving very patient patients.

The people here are really kind and do everything possible to entertain us and make us feel at home.

One mode of transport here which I do not recommend, although it is very picturesque, is by rickshaw. They are drawn by dare-devil runners.

It is nice to go shopping without coupon worries.

HATS OFF TO R.A.F.

A well-deserved tribute to the R.A.F. comes from Dvr. A. Cooper, R.A.S.C., serving with the M.E.F.—in a letter to his uncle at North Square, Dorchester:

I take off my hat to the R.A.F. Time and again those boys in blue sailed in and drove off the enemy 'planes.

Frequently they were outnumbered, but it made no difference; they just dived in among the Jerries and let them have it good and strong.

You should have seen the pieces fly from the enemy 'planes. Many were brought down and many others went limping home, badly crippled.

We have a great deal to thank the R.A.F. for, and we give them a cheer.

. . . Out here the rough boulder-strewn roads and a shortage of water are our chief discomforts.

HUMAN MACHINE

THE MEASURE OF OUR WORTH

What is the true measure of a man's worth? Some measure it by wealth, some by achievement, some by popular acclaim. There are many measures — some true and accurate; others false and unreliable.

What yardstick shall we apply—particularly to ourselves?

Well, look at it in this way. What is there that we can really call our own, that we can truly say is our "property," that no one can take away from us?

If you do look at it that way there's not much!

Not money, not houses or land, not even health.

Money can melt, property vanish, friends can go and health be blighted.

But there is one thing that is really ours, one thing that can never be taken away. Our character is our very own, and our character is the real measure of the man.

It alone endures. It alone is real. It alone is the real inner core of each of us.

What was Socrates worth? What Paul? What Lincoln or Darwin or Lister? Who knows, and who cares?

All we do care about is the way their characters left an ineradicable impress on their fellows and on the generations that were to follow.

The measure of their worth was what they did, not what they had.

It is just the same, whether we are great and famous, or whether we are just humble individuals holding down a job and carrying on.

OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Owing to jolts on the road I spend half my time in the air—and the rest on the lorry seat.

DEADLY RUSSIAN A.A.

A trip to Russia on convoy duty is described by A.B. W. Hillier, H.M.S. ——, in a letter to his wife at Devon Place, Newport, Mon.:

It was a smooth trip out, but terribly cold with plenty of snow and bitter winds blowing.

We arrived at Murmansk, anchoring near the town. While we were there we had about a dozen air raids, but nothing touched our ship, although we had to close up at "action stations."

The Russians have a very good artillery defence and their barrage is terrific.

Every time there was a raid the Russians sent up clouds of fighters to meet the Jerries, who were always driven off in double quick time with heavy losses.

These trips to Russia are full of excitement. It's nice to be able to write and say that I am "safe and well."

JUST WANTED PICKING

And a cheery letter from Sapper F. Smith, R.E., serving at Malta, to his parents at Ansell Road, Tooting, London, S.W.17:

Jerry, having "bent" our previous home, we are now in a new billet—and it is just right.

Imagine a garden full of fruit—grapes, oranges, figs, lemons and plums, all to be had for the picking. It's a schoolboy's paradise, and with no need to look-out for the farmer!

Having bought a pig, some chickens and rabbits, we have plenty to keep us amused.

STRANGE PET

Another form of livestock is mentioned in a letter from L./Bdr. J. R. Jennings, R.A., serving in the Middle East, to his sister at Paulham Road, Kenton, Middlesex:

Taking rations by lorry to a detachment, a bloke came dashing up to me and said: "Hi, have you seen our spider?"

Proud as Punch he was as he shoved an old petrol tin under my nose. In the bottom was the biggest spider I ever saw. Ugh!—it fair shook me.

"Beauty, ain't it—like to handle it?" asked the proud owner, and I nearly fell off my lorry.

Keeping the spider company were eight scorpions. Next time I call I expect to find that he has built a kennel for his pet.

GRAND FUN

Now for a little whale-hunting With Pte. T. L. Buckler, who is stationed with the Pioneer Corps in the Faroe Islands. He writes to his mother at Winchmore Hill, London, N.14:

The fun started early in the morning when all the locals downed tools at the shout of "Grindt," which, I gather, means whales.

There was a mad stampede for the beach and all the men put out to sea in rowing-boats and other craft. Soon afterwards, with binoculars, we were able to see the whales spouting out at sea.

The men in the boats were experts, and after five hours or so of flank actions and frontal attacks, they managed to drive a number of the whales up the harbour bottle-neck of the fjord.

By which time all the population of the islands had arrived to watch the fun.

Once the whales had been driven into the harbour the real excitement began. As they were driven inshore, the leaders must have touched bottom, and then the whole darn lot went mad and swept round in a semicircle trying to get out to sea again.

Boatmen headed them off, and the whole lot raced for the rocks where we were standing, and piled up.

In shallow water they are helpless, and were soon accounted for.

Then the natives quietly went home for tea, leaving the carcases on the beach or floating about in the water.

Next day the carving-up process began, the proceeds being distributed among all the islanders.

Fancy all that whale meat, free and without coupons!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

HUNDREDS of tons of fuel lie rotting in Southampton and other blitzed towns. Most of the timber and oddments of wood could be used as part of the fuel-saving campaign.—Mr. Scattergood, Crofton Road, Portsmouth.

★ ★ ★

Recently, Goering said that sunflowers grown in Russia would help to supply Germany with oils and fats. Sunflowers flourish in this country, so why not grow them commercially?—F. Wood, Rugby.

★ ★ ★

On a bus recently I heard two men talking. "Did you hear the rain in the night?" said one. "No," came the reply with a chuckle, "I was fire-watching."—Regular Reader, Staffs.

★ ★ ★

We are asked not to travel, yet for fire-watching registration my wife (with six-week-old baby) had to pay fares and travel ten miles to register!—J. E. Hart, Upton, near Birkenhead.

★ ★ ★

When does a ration cease to be a ration? One answer is: If you live in Torquay. I have had two eggs for two people in eight weeks!—H. Baxter, Teignmouth Road, Torquay.

★ ★ ★

Midwives in rural areas often cannot get a conveyance and may have to walk miles in the black-out to expectant mothers. When such difficulty occurs why not allow midwives to call on the Civil Defence organisation for a conveyance?—Bess Watkins, Hengoed, Glam.

★ ★ ★

Sportsmen who play darts in clubs and pubs should sacrifice the nine foot rubber mats on which they stand. Chalked lines would serve the purpose and valuable rubber saved for salvage.—W. J. Havell, Festiniog, N. Wales.

MY HEART, YOUR HEADSTONE

THERE is no headstone on your grave
except my heart, my dear. And there
engraved is all my love, washed
with my every tear. Birds sing upon
the sunlit air 'neath skies so high and
blue. My prayers, the petals which my
soul upon the breeze doth strew.

I DO not walk with downbent head into
the churchyard sad, to stand beside
a mound of grass, red-eyed and in
mourning clad. I know not where, my
dear, you lie, I only know you are—
beyond the earth, beyond the sun—your
footprint a silver star.

I CANNOT bring you flowers each day
and lay them where you rest, but all
my thoughts bloom but for you like a
garden in my breast. I smile, and hope
that you can see. I pray God under-
stands, when my heart, like a bird,
beats at Heaven's gate, which you
touched with your entering hands.

J. M.

★ *Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*

MOTHER OR SELF? A DAUGHTER'S BIG DILEMMA

I RECEIVE many letters from people who are in the unenviable position of having to choose between two alternatives, knowing full well that whatever they decide to do is going to cause hurt to somebody.

They are among the most difficult problems I have to consider.

This week a young woman reader finds herself in just that kind of dilemma. She says:

"I have met an American soldier, and we have fallen deeply in love. His business is in his own country where he is well established and prosperous.

"I am the only daughter and the sole support of an aging widow whose health makes it impossible for her to travel.

"Apart from that she is firmly resolved always to live in England. I cannot leave her, she has devoted her life to me; yet I am so deeply in love that I feel I cannot go on if I lose my new-found happiness.

"Where does my duty lie, Humanist? Can you solve my problem for me?"

"Where does my duty lie?" she asks

No waste of words there! It would be easy to answer "Go," or "Don't"; but if the girl takes one course she appears to be heartless to a mother to whom she owes so much, and, if other, she is sacrificing the thing that makes her whole life worth while.

I am convinced that if the mother knew everything she would decline to allow such a sacrifice.

If she is a devoted mother nothing would be allowed to stand between the daughter and her happiness. She would think about the girl's future after she herself had passed on.

Of course, there are selfish mothers who cling to their children and prevent their marrying, but they do not deserve to be considered.

They have had their own married life; they must know that, to young people in love, marriage is the only thing that matters. Their children's happiness should not be sacrificed on any account.

A SHORT while ago I dealt with the subject of "only" children, and suggested they should tell me about themselves.

The result was rather surprising—the biggest post I have had for months.

My readers make a wonderful "cross-section" of the population: old and young, men and women, professional people and workers of many types.

When I see these solemn committees sitting to discuss what people are thinking and doing I often have a quiet laugh. For I know a good many things that they will never discover.

Readers tell me what they will not tell their own friends.

But about the "only" child. I received some protests from people who disagreed that "only" children were liable to be spoilt or bullied.

But for every one that defended the family of one there were ten that denounced it.

I have decided to quote from letters from young people, and here is one from a girl of seventeen:

"My friends often tell me that I am much too serious for my age," *she writes*, "but they don't realise that the cause is the lack of young company at home.

"No one can imagine how I envy other girls when I see them with their brothers and sisters. They seem so happy together.

"My mother was one of thirteen, and when my auntie comes, and they discuss their childhood days I feel like crying. It is terrible to sit and listen to them saying what fun they used to have, and recalling the tricks they used to play with their brothers.

"I would far rather have my ears boxed a hundred times a day than be an only child. No one can realise how awfully lonely it is."

HERE is another from a candid reader of nineteen:

"I have been spoilt and petted too much," *he says*, "and although it is nice to have everything you want, I have been very miserable, and still am, for want of brothers and sisters.

"When you are an only child you have nobody to confide in, and the only thing is to tell your secrets to a stranger and hope you can trust him.

"So I definitely disapprove of minimum families, and I know all the other 'only' children will agree with me."

I'm afraid there is room for only one more.

"I am twenty-one," *writes a young woman*, "and live at home with my rather old-fashioned father and mother. They go to bed before 10 p.m., never go to any entertainment, and they don't like dance music.

"The result is that our house is like a funeral at nights.

"When I hear my girl work-mates talking about their sisters and their brothers in the R.A.F. or the Army, it makes me feel so blue. I just haven't got anyone away.

"However, I'll have to get over it and make the best of things.

"There is one thing I do hope for, and that is that if I ever get married I shall have two or three children to grow up together and be good pals.

"If it should happen that I could have only one, then I would adopt another. I wouldn't let any child of mine be as lonely as I have been."

I suggested that three was a good family unit—two to fight and one to part them—but several readers have told me that four is the ideal number.

In that case, they say, there is less chance of an "odd one out."

I wonder what parents of three children say to that?

FOOD FACTS

M.F

WINTER MILK

In winter even the most patriotic cows give less milk — war or no war. Yet the demand for milk is greater than ever before. The National Milk Scheme is chiefly responsible for this increase. Those who need milk most — expectant mothers, children and invalids—are allowed the *same* amount of milk winter and summer. In winter, in order to secure enough milk for these priorities the rest of us must do with less.

The non-priority allowance is now 2 pints a week; even this is not a guaranteed amount. Don't blame the milkman if he gives you less. His supplies have been cut by the cows and the season — and war-time conditions make even distribution extremely difficult.

Naturally, we all miss our summer milk, but it must be "fair shares" and "mothers and children first." Remember, you'll have your Household Milk allowance to help you through the winter.

PRIORITY MILK (THE NATIONAL MILK SCHEME)

1 Every holder of a child's Ration Book (R.B.2) and every expectant mother gets 1 pint of milk a day. Children under 1 year can have 2 pints a day if application has been made at the Food Office. If the family income is below a certain level 1 pint a day can be obtained *free* under the National Milk Scheme; for others under the Scheme it can be obtained at 2d. a pint.

2 Holders of the general Ration Book (R.B.1) between the ages of 5 and 18 get ½ pint a day in addition to any milk they may get at school.

3 Anyone suffering from certain specified complaints can get special milk allowances on presentation to the Food Office of a doctor's certificate.

4 Children aged between 5 and 14 who are unable to attend school, and whose absence is not due to sickness, are allowed 5 pints a week. Children absent from school through sickness can obtain 1 pint a day on presentation of a doctor's certificate at the Food Office.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 126

LAST LAUGH

B. G. (Chard).—"My foreman has a voice like a human foghorn." Only he isn't quite human?

H. J. (Hereford).—"There must be Englishmen, I am sure, who could make as big a display of medals as Goering." Yes, pawnbrokers.

TIM (St. Austell).—"I told her I thought very few fellows would want to make love to her, and what do you think she said?" She'd be satisfied with a few.

N. M. (London).—"Where does one find the finest specimens of our English cultivated flowers?" On seed packets.

POOR (Ely).—"Now, if I were in the shoes of a millionaire I would have a different tune." Yes, a fortune.

T. W. (Wrexham).—"I have had as many as ten servants." In how many weeks?

W. K. (Watford).—"Charged with fighting in the street both accused denied that they had used knuckledusters." It was a non-ferrous scrap.

ORNITHOLOGIST (Frinton). —"Turkeys are the proudest birds—far prouder than peacocks." They probably know the prices they will fetch at Christmas.

R. G. (Dorking).—"A film shown to medical students portrays the various stages of a black eye." All in glorious technicolor.

E.N.S.A. ENTERTAINER (London, N.).—"I frequently travel in the guard's van with the baggage of the company." Is this quite a nice way to refer to the soubrette?

W. C. (Colchester).—"It is reported that Mussolini made an early and unexpected return to Rome after visiting Libya." There wasn't even time to arrange a spontaneous demonstration of welcome.

A. M. (Barnes).—"A woman company director attended a board meeting with her child, which fellow-members nursed while she made a speech." It is generally the shareholders who hold the baby.

G. H. (Hornsey).—"Many Inland Revenue offices are working short-handed." Never was so much owed to so few.

REVIEWER (London, E.C.).—"I recommend—especially to the masculine reader—this volume of a grand opera soprano's recollections." Don't forget the diva, sir. Don't forget the diva.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE PARACHUTIST

Well, and what did she say when you said that?

Side-Slips

EVENING ARGUS.—"They dug trenches in the street outside and laid barbed WIFE entanglements."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS.—"The driver of the car, Lt. ——, Home Guard, told the CROONER he had been driving for about six months."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Spray the surrounding places with water, but only if you can keep yourself PROTESTED."

THE HERTS ADVERTISER AND ST. ALBANS TIMES:—"A St. Albans girl, who was stated to use ROGUE, powder and lipstick. . . ."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—". . Award of the D.F.M. to Sgt. C—— G—— S——, R.C.A., WIFELESS. operator-air-gunner of an aircraft."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Since 1933 Richard Stott has only been able to work for two and a half years, his trouble being pulmonary tuberculosis.

This applicant served in the Army overseas for eight years. Returning from India in 1933, he was transferred to Army reserve. On declaration of war Richard Stott was recalled to the Colours, but discharged physically unfit in February, 1940. He has no pension.

To obtain proper nourishment, warmth, clothing, and support his wife, and two children under eight years, is practically impossible on the small allowance which he receives. He dreads the approach of winter, for the family are in most urgent need of warm clothing and bedding.

The vicar of the parish assures us that this is a case of genuine hardship and worthy of generous support.

Will sympathetic readers please send donations earmarked "Bedding," or for our General Fund, to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

FIRST PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,351

E. E. Morrison, 56, Queen Alexandra Rd. West, North Shields, for this "Bullet":—

MRS. ROOSEVELT

ANOTHER "LOAN" WE APPRECIATED.

£20: W. Wilson, 43, Reed St., South Shields.

Good To See—*Timing* On Our Side.

£10: J. McPhee, 21, Taymouth St., Glasgow.

The Enemy—On "Slope"—But "Slippery."

£5: Miss S. A. Hackney, 6, Elizabeth St., Congleton.
Counts A Lot—Dad—Before He "Sleeps."

£4: J. P. Heath, 49, Hubert Rd., Bournbrook, Birmingham.
The Enemy—Still Strong—Still, Weaker.

£3: R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.
Somewhere In Mumo—Lion's Heart? "Lion's" Teeth!

£2: F. J. Anderson, 35, The Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Counts A Lot—"Cause," Doubling Weapons' Effect.

30s.: G. B. Patrick, 21, Astley Cres., Quinton, Birmingham.
Good To See—Headlines Without "Hard Lines."

NEW YEAR CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

30s.: W. P. Ewe, 30, Northumberland Gdns., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
In These Days—Africas "Sandwich" Sustaining Rasta.

34s.: V. Fenn, The Garage, Allercross, South Molton.
Overcrowded—Cloud—Italians Spotted Spitfire!

32s.: Mrs. M. Cleminson, 23, Hugh Oldham Drive, Salford.
Somewhere In Palmistry—My Fate? My Foot!

30s.: Cpl. A. Percy, RAF, 59, Walton Rd., Woking.
Granny's A Dear, But—Sonny's "Growth" Beating Pull-over's!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 303

WINNING WORDS: 1. Fate. 2. Hitter. 3. Defeat. 4. Priest. 5. Pole. 6. Lively. 7. Foes. 8. Dole. 9. Dream. 10. Timid. 11. Keeper. 12. Decent. 13. Costly. 14. Ease.

£100 SHARERS: Sto. R. Atkins, Mess 1, H.M.S. Ledd, c/o G.P.O. London; Pte. S. Hisham, R.A.S.C., Somewhere-in-Britain; Leading Aircraftsman M. Pritchard, 13, The Drive, Giffach, Bargoed.
(They will also receive Surprise Award for Christmas) Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 18 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE **£340**

No COLDS or CHILLS FOR ME!

BEECHAM'S Powders are grand! That shivery, aching feeling has completely vanished!

I intend to *keep* free from Winter Ills this year and I'm depending on Beecham's Powders. Their special powder form makes for quick action and reliable results. Equally as good for Rheumatic Twinges, Headaches, and Nerve Pains.

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½d EACH

Don't use light unless you must -and remember

MAZDA LAMPS

provide it with the utmost economy

Made in England by The British Thomson-Houston Company, Limited.

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

FUEL RIGHTS- *and* WRONGS

it's RIGHT *to*

Keep doors shut and windows padded against draughts, which lower room temperature.
Do the day's washing-up all at one time.
Use small gas or electric heaters instead of lighting a coal fire, if a room has to be warmed for a brief period only.
Cook two vegetables in the same saucepan.
Ask yourself each night: "Have I tried my hardest to save fuel today?"

it's WRONG *to*

Leave the oven heat on until you take out whatever's cooking.
Cook in one room, eat in another, sit in a third.
Use a small deep saucepan when you could use a large flat one.
Put too much coal or coke at one time on the boiler fire.
Let one form of fuel run away with what you have saved on another.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR FUEL TARGET

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

Aching Backs

may be warnings of excess uric acid and harmful wastes left in the blood by Lazy Kidneys

DO PAINS strike across the small of the back? Are you afraid to bend or straighten afterwards? Do you feel tired, nervy and depressed? Is the urine disordered and your rest disturbed? Do weather changes bring on rheumatic twinges? These are all symptoms which Doan's Backache Kidney Pills successfully combat, since they frequently arise from sluggish kidney action.

Doan's Pills succeed in bringing back ease and comfort because they stimulate and flush out the kidney filters, so helping them to regain normal, natural activity.

Backache, lumbago, rheumatic complaints and urinary troubles disappear when the impurities which cause them are expelled from the system by healthy kidney and bladder action.

1/8, 3/8 (Inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

LAST BIG OFFERS BEFORE XMAS!

£125 Awards value £25 between Runners-up

Headed by £100 CASH for XWORDS

Up to 50 4lb. NEW YEAR CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNER-UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 303 Result—page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 307

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3½ Entry-fee for 1 Col.					3½	3½	3½
1	MAN WHO'S NEVER THIS MAY BE VERY LUCKY		L		C	K	E	D	
2	ACTING ABILITY ALONE WON'T GET YOU FAR UNLESS YOU'RE				E	E	N		
3	MANY COOKS DO THIS SLOWLY		R	I		E			
4	CAUSES A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF DESTRUCTION				L	E	E	T	
5	EXAMINER OF PASSPORTS WILL PROBABLY SUSPECT ONE WHICH IS		F	O		G	E	D	
6	ONE OF FRUITS COMMONLY CAUSES SERIOUS LOSS			P		C	K	E	R
7	IN ORDER THAT BETTER TO GOD VISITING, SHARPERS NOW AND AGAIN DO THIS					O	S	E	
8	THOUGHT OF THOSE GOING DOWN AGAIN IS UNWELCOME TO SOME PEOPLE			L		A	V	E	S
9	MANY MAGISTRATES TREAT MINOR MOTORING OFFENCES WITH		L	E		I	T	Y	
10	BOAT PARTIALLY DISABLED BY JAPS MAY MAKE THIS					I	G	H	T
11	HANDLING INDIAN AFFAIRS DEMANDS A MAN OF THIS TYPE					L	I	V	E
12	CLEVER MACHINE WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE USE OF THESE		P	A		S	E	S	
13	THERE'S SOMETIMES MONEY IN ONE					I	T	T	Y
14	WAY A WOMAN DRESSES MAY HELP HER TO APPEAR MORE		F	L		S	H	Y	

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Jan. 9.

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY DEC. 21

Signed .....

Address .....

307.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated January 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

FINAL £200 BULLETS PRIZES of 1942!

FIRST PRIZE £50 VALUE OVER £200 50 FINE 4lb. New Year CAKES

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Jan 1.

TO REBUILD THE WORLD
JOB WE MUST TACKLE
IN 1943
RACE AGAINST TIME
MILITARY IDIOTS
THE BEVERIDGE PLAN
FRITZ AND ANTONIO
DEED OF DARING
MR. MUDDLEHEAD
BE HONEST AND

BULLETS 1,351 RESULT appears on page 14

FOR THE BEST
WAVE OF OPTIMISM
MAKE NO MISTAKE
OUT IN THE COLD
FATHER'S HEN
NICE WORK
HE'S A DIEHARD, SO
IN BATTLE ARRAY
A BIT QUEER
IF AUNTIE RAN THE B.B.C.

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

PARADISE FOR.....
NOT SO.....
TIRED OF.....
INSULT TO.....
PLANS FOR.....
A NEW .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated January 9.

P.O. Value.....

No. ..... Old ... mark

1,3.

Signed .....

Address.....

ADDRESS L...

CUND THIS LINE

"Bullets" No. 1,355—or Xword No. 307, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives; they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a natural laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere, 1/4 and 2/6. Children love the delicious flavour.

NEW **Optabs** EYE LOTION TABLETS

For the Preservation of Sight and the Relief of Eye Strain

One Optabs Eye Lotion Tablet in ordinary tap-water makes an eye-bath full of stimulating eye lotion. Use Optabs—and tired eyes will sparkle again.

10d. 3/4 & 5/6 INC. TAX

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE WILL STOP THAT COUGH

SOLD EVERYWHERE

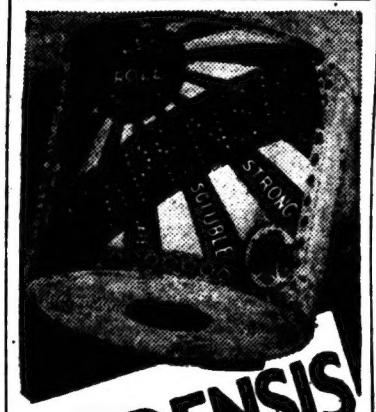
1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

SAVE TIME & SUFFERING

LION OINTMENT is vital to the *quick clean healing* of SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS. Successes even with obstinate cases of BAD LEGS. Keep handy for any emergency.

From Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- per box (incl. Pur. Tax) 1/3

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT



CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Made only by

The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd. HACKNEY, WICK : : : : LONDON, E.9.

THE GIFT THAT GROWS

Here's the simple answer to all your gift problems this Christmas — Gift Tokens. They're equally welcome whatever the ages, whatever the tastes of your family, friends and staff. And they're not only patriotic. —they're practical too. From the day the Tokens are exchanged for Savings Certificates or used to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks your gifts start to grow in value. Another good point—Tokens are so easy to buy. You can get them from any Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank or through your Savings Group in units of 15/- up to any amount.

NATIONAL SAVINGS GIFT TOKENS

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT
Will HEAL IT - Clean!

Dear Sirs,
My little boy developed a terrible rash all over his body, the irritation was awful. Then suddenly I thought of GERMOLENE. Within a week he was cured, and thanks to GERMOLENE he is a happy little fellow again.
Mrs. R. T. Ripley.

Germolene is good for all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Germoloids The treatment for Haemorrhoids (Piles) based upon the Germolene Healing Principle. Price 1/3 per box from all chemists

CHRISTMAS COMFORTS backed by JAYS

Home Protection Plan

Minimum Prices
Maximum Credit
with up to
3 YEARS TO PAY
for Pianos

Protection against Fire, Death and Enemy Action.
OUR GUARANTEE TO YOU!
In the Event of DEATH through natural causes. Goods become the property of the next-of-kin.
In the Event of FIRE Goods are repaired FREE OF CHARGE or replaced at equitable value.
In the Event of ENEMY ACTION (in this Country) causing the death of Father or Mother, Husband, or Wife of Hire-Purchase Agreement with us may be cancelled, and Hire-Purchase Agreement will be credited to Customer's Account.
Issued for ——— Staff Purchasers and Conditions

JAYS

248-249-250, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.1
MANCHESTER, 1: 26, 28, 30, OLDHAM ST.
GLASGOW, C.2: 19-23, SAUCHIEHALL ST.
200 Other Branches
CALL AT NEAREST BRANCH

POST WITHOUT DELAY!
■ Send 1d. stamp for Special Catalogue of Exclusive Designs.
■ Ask Representative to call.
Post in a Penny Stamped Unsealed Envelope.
Name
Address
J.B.12.12.42

Good health —good work

An alert woman in a key position—one of thousands serving millions. One of Britain's war workers in tip-top health, ready with her tact, patience and non-stop efficiency. The Golden Rule of Health has many adherents—why not you?

Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere.
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

KH 61-861-65

...ET LTD., LONDON, E.15

ASPRO is Protection in tablet form!

ASPRO DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Against Colds-'flu Rheumatic Twinges—Sciatic Pains Neuralgia Headaches Sleeplessness Nerviness etc

How to protect oneself against colds and 'flu and how to dispel them quickly. These are vital questions—the answers mean much to war production. From the wealth of popular wisdom—based on the experience of millions—the advice comes, clear and definite. "Take 'ASPRO' at first signs—it smashes colds and 'flu attacks in one night." If you could foresee the complications—lying up—loss of time—depression—feverishness and weakness that can be avoided by prompt action with 'ASPRO' at the inception you would not hesitate a moment. By taking 'ASPRO' you obtain quick results. Rheumatic twinges and aches and pains due to the changeable weather yield to 'ASPRO' too.

MARVELLOUS for HEADACHES

Mrs. JAMES CAMPBELL of 36 Gt. Western Road, Glasgow, writes: Being subject to severe headaches I have used 'ASPRO' tablets for years with marvellous results. I will recommend 'ASPRO' wherever I can, you can rest assured.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

Here is Evidence from the PEOPLE

"A NEW MAN NEXT MORNING"

D. WHEAT writes from Holmefield, Nr. Sheffield:—"Thank you for the wonderful benefit I have derived from your famous 'ASPRO'. Living out in the country and travelling to and fro to Sheffield by 'bus I get frequent colds by draught, etc., but on retiring to bed I take 2 'ASPRO' tablets as directed with a hot drink and I feel a new man next morning all cold vanished. 'ASPRO' costs less than 'Flu.'"

HEADACHE & RHEUMATISM SOOTHED

A. H. JOHNSON, of 33 Belvedere Street, Mansfield, writes: "I am writing to thank you for the benefit derived from taking 'ASPRO'. For headaches and rheumatism they have been very beneficial. I would like all sufferers to know how good they have been."

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL
TABS 3½ 2 TABS 6½ 13½

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central ...MS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.